The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1902.

The Week.

Senator Lodge has introduced a bill to establish the gold standard in the Philippines. By refusing at the last session to concur in the House bill on this subject, he and his colleagues in the Senate have made themselves morally responsible for the loss of a very large sum (estimated at upwards of $1,000,000) by the Philippine Government, not to mention the losses incurred by private individuals through the decline in silver. Mr. Lodge and his colleagues are quoted as saying that the decline in silver was wholly unexpected by them. Of course, it was. Nobody supposes that they intended to deprive Gov. Taft of any part of the revenue of the islands. They thought they understood the subject on which they were legislating, but they failed to take account of the fact that silver has been on the down grade, with very slight interruption, ever since 1873. Or, perhaps, they thought that it could not possibly fall below the price it bore last July, when they were passing the Philippine Government bill. They left out of their reckoning the possible action of countries still on the silver standard—the Straits Settlements, Siam, China, and Mexico. But it is the unexpected which happens. In 1893 silver declined fifteen cents per ounce within three days after the announcement that India had demonetized it. What took place then might occur at any time when any country of equal importance should take similar action. The only country of equal magnitude still on the silver basis is China, and her attitude is uncertain. That of Mexico is uncertain also, for it is hardly credible that she should continue to do business on the principles of the blind pool as outlined in the decree of President Diaz of November 25. The reasons why she has not sooner abandoned the silver standard are that she is again the largest silver-producing country in the world, as she was in the time of the Spanish occupation, and also that the adoption of the single gold standard would involve an advance of the wages of the wretched peons.

Senator Cullom, by calling up the French reciprocity treaty on Monday, made a striking demonstration of the difference between reciprocity *in posse* (*i. e.*, in the President's message) and reciprocity *in esse* (*i. e.*, in the Senate). Everybody is willing to assent to the principle in the abstract, or "when conditions shall permit," or "whenever it may seem expedient"; but the moment you suggest an actual, a negotiated reciprocity treaty you have Depew protesting for the glovers, Hoar vociferous for the pinchbeck-jewelry industry, Lodge and Aldrich variously darkening counsel and making the worse the better reason. The scene was instructive. It showed that the Republicans of the Senate are unwilling even to discuss any matter that involves tariff reduction, and it proves to the many Republicans who have voted for serious reconsideration of the tariff schedules that they have been swindled out of their votes. It buries one spadeful deeper that hoary fraud, "the tariff revised by its friends." Senator Cullom says he will call up the French treaty next week. We sincerely hope he will do so. Every time the ultra-protectionists rise to that lure they will look more selfish as men and more ridiculous as statesmen.

Congressman Littlefield's so-called anti-Trust bill is free from Constitutional objections, and it offers the chance of taking one step towards the control of corporations engaged in interstate commerce which are large enough to be dangerous. All economists of note who have dealt with the Trust question in public discussion are agreed that the first step to be taken is to secure publicity of the affairs of Trusts, and that the proper method of controlling them is by the taxing power. In order to obtain data for the exercise of the latter power the former is a needed preliminary. Mr. Littlefield's bill provides that every corporation doing an interstate business and having more than $500,000 capital shall file with the Interstate Commerce Commission each year a statement of its capital stock and debt, with all particulars, the value of the property represented by the same, and the market value, together with the earnings, expenses, interest, dividends, taxes, permanent improvements, salaries, and wages paid. The Interstate Commerce Commission is to have power also to examine the officers of the corporation under oath touching these matters. In short, the same powers are to be exercised in obtaining facts as are now exercised in obtaining the facts from railroads engaged in interstate commerce, and by most of the States in dealing with local railroads. A tax of 1 per cent. per annum is to be imposed on so much of the capital stock of such corporations as consists of water. There is no reason why this bill should be called an anti-Trust bill, except that the Trust promoters are very much opposed to it, as the railroad men were to the Interstate Commerce bill when that was first proposed. Mr. Littlefield's bill has been reported favorably by the sub-committee of the House Judiciary Committee, and will no doubt be agreed to by the whole committee. It will then become the leading measure of the present session.

We trust that Governor-elect Pennypacker of Pennsylvania will hasten to explain away the latest painful aspersions on Senator Quay. It is a task for which Mr. Pennypacker alone, we think, is fitted, for he was the one who first discovered in Quay a greater statesmanship than that of Webster or Clay. Quay favors the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as States. He so yearns to number these Territories among the Federal sisterhood that it appears he wrote a letter advising that Democratic victories be arranged in each. This was in order to attract Democratic votes to the Statehood project. Quay's Republican associates opposed the admission of these Territories, but Quay stood firm as a rock. It caused comment, but what cared he? Now he is to join with the Democrats in a minority report, for the committee has reported a bill granting Statehood to Oklahoma alone. Somebody at Washington has suggested that Quay had some other motive than that founded upon his exalted statesmanship. Testimony before a Senate committee has even been raked up, indicating that the value of a mine in Arizona owned by a brother of Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania would be largely increased by the enactment of the omnibus Statehood bill, with the unkindly inference that perhaps other great men in Pennsylvania have a finger in the pie. These are the cruel rumors which we trust Mr. Pennypacker, Quay's official defender, will hasten to explain away.

Secretary Hitchcock's warning against the palpable land frauds in the West, together with the discoveries made in the investigations of the Federal grand jury now in session at Omaha, serves to attract attention to a disgraceful state of wholesale swindling in the disposition of the public domain. The actual settler, the man who would turn the sod and plant the seed, has been forced out of the open range by the covetous owners of cattle and sheep. The frauds by which they have sought control have been glaring and unconcealed. At first they attempted to scare the settlers by means of hostile demonstrations. His crops were destroyed, his stock driven off, and he was threatened with personal violence. But where one settler was forced out of the contest another took his place. There was always a settler looking over the barbed-wire fence, and eager for the cattleman's domain. It has been a common thing for the stockman of the

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West to fence up thousands of acres that ddi not belong to him.

An end to this sort of robbery was inevitable. The cattlemen and their rivals, the sheepmen, sought to obtain a quasi-title to their land by a species of entry in which they were assisted by the cowboys in their employ. Every herder has entered his name as a homesteader, and he has an assurance that his claim of "residence" will be sworn to by some other cowboy, who will expect the same service in return. This is trifling compared with the swindling of the Government that has gone on under the "widow's claim" provisions. A widow of a soldier of the civil war may take up a claim without actual residence, obtaining a deed from the Government at the expiration of five years. On this basis rest many of the most patent frauds. Agents have secured the signatures of widows all over the Middle West who, in good faith, have made formal entry, and have agreed to prove up their claims five years hence. They have received or are to receive about $150 for their service. The cattle companies and the syndicates operating for them are to be the beneficiaries; and in the end will obtain, unless the deals are frustrated, vast areas at a merely nominal sum. It is estimated that during the past year in Nebraska alone, where the movement has been discovered as being most noticeable, the fraudulent entries have amounted to 1,000,000 acres. Congress should act, and make it impossible for a single acre of the public domain to go to individual owners except through the actual residence of a homesteader on 160 acres for five years, and his improvement of the land.

It is something of a shock to learn that "the President's friends" at Washington are a little worried about the delegates to the Republican National Convention to be held in 1904. We had supposed that the President and his friends felt as serene and comfortable about these delegates as if they were all elected and pledged and safely corralled in the Presidential headquarters, munching sandwiches, and figuring out the patronage to be distributed in the beautiful spring days of 1905. But we know now that the contrary is true, for our information is as nearly official as information about delegates ever is. Mr. L. T. Michener, formerly of Indiana, and still a political power in that State though now a resident of Washington, has let the cat out of the bag. A few days ago he wrote about thirty letters to knowing persons in Indiana asking their views. "It is believed," he said, "that Senator Hanna will try to get the Presidential nomination in 1904. Some of the President's friends are a little uneasy about it. Do you think Hanna could take Indiana away from Roosevelt—or Fairbanks?" And the worst of it is, the replies thus far received do not especially tend to quiet that little uneasiness of the President's friends. If Fairbanks is a candidate, he can have the delegates, the replies declare with striking unanimity. If not, Roosevelt and Hanna will have to fight it out. But there is a crumb of comfort—Hanna says he does not "want the job"; so perhaps it makes no difference about the Indiana delegates.

The announcement that Major Edwin F. Glenn, Fifth Infantry, of water-cure fame, is to be tried once more, proves in a gratifying way that the War Department has again been stung into action by those advocates of humanity who have been termed calumniators of the army. It is all the more apropos in view of President Roosevelt's inclusion in his message of his stump-speech defence of the army. Major Glenn's first trial for administering the water cure resulted in his conviction, and punishment by the ridiculous fine of $50. His second trial, it is reported, is the result of his having casually chronicled the fact that he had had several natives killed for misleading an American column. Apparently the circumstances of this killing were too much even for Secretary Root to stomach. Hence, Gen. Davis is to formulate charges and try the gallant Major. As we pointed out at the time of his first trial, Major Glenn's case is a particularly flagrant one, because he went to the Philippines in 1900, after the hard fighting was over. His offences could not, therefore, be charged to nervous exhaustion, due to campaigning with an insidious foe, or explained in any other way than as committed in cold blood. Two of the officers, by the way, who were accused at the same time with Major Glenn, Lieut. Conger and Surgeon Cook, have never been tried, despite the promise of the President that every incriminated officer should be put on trial.

The Baltimore *News* has been testing some of the valuable information sent to the press from the Bureau of Statistics at Washington. The particular line of investigation followed by the *News* relates to our trade with China, the remarkable growth of which is set forth in the statistics. Thus, it is shown that the imports into China from the United States, as computed by Chinese authorities themselves, have grown from 5,093,182 taels in 1895 to 23,529,606 taels in 1901, an increase of 350 per cent. in six years. According to the same authority, the increase of imports from Great Britain during the same time was only 25 per cent., and that of Russia only 60 per cent. This exhibit, showing the advantage of having a neighboring trading-station, was calculated to encourage everybody who had favored the taking of the Philippines for commercial rather than humanitarian purposes. But the editor of the *News* thought that it would be well to look a little farther into the subject, and, being of a suspicious nature, he inquired, first, why the year 1895 had been selected as a starter. The reason was, that the exports from the United States to China in that year were exceptionally small, being only $3,603,840. They were nearly twice as great in the following year, 1896, and three times as great in 1897, or $11,924,433. Of the great gain of 350 per cent. in trade with China since 1895, 230 per cent. had taken place before we had even dreamed of taking the Philippines. But by going back to the eighties other facts of considerable pertinence were discovered. In 1886 our exports to China were twice as great, and in 1891 two and a half times as great, as they were in 1895, the year selected as the datum line by the statistician at Washington. His suspicions being confirmed thus far, the editor took up the published statistics of our own Bureau, and there he found that in the four years from June 30, 1897, to June 30, 1901, our exports to China actually decreased from $12,000,000 to $10,500,000. This fact, if it has any bearing at all on the Philippines question, should teach us to rely more upon humanitarian than upon commercial results to justify us for what we have done, and to look to an approving conscience rather than to our pockets for our final reward.

Gov. Odell's voluntary statement that the Legislature will not be allowed any direct interference in the matter of the Pennsylvania tunnel franchise is of great interest for more reasons than one. It places him in the unusual position of speaking for that body—a place hitherto occupied by that peerless statesman, Mr. Thomas Collier Platt. That gentleman, by the way, recently declared that the Legislature *should* interfere, and punish the recalcitrant Aldermen by taking their power away or by abolishing them altogether. Apparently, therefore, the Legislature has two dictators. We say, apparently, for as a matter of fact Benjamin B. Odell is the real boss, and not the feeble, broken-down politician from Owego. If this is so evidently the case, what is the necessity for reëlecting Platt to the Senate simply in order that he may keep up the pretence that he and he alone still owns the Legislature?

The Schenectady militiaman who was expelled from the Painters' Union for serving with his company has secured an injunction from the Supreme Court at Albany, restraining the union from depriving him of his rights as a member. His suit carries also a collateral claim for wages during the time he has been

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idle because of his expulsion, and for other damages. The suit, unfortunately, does not touch the main issue—whether a labor union may put itself in an attitude deliberately hostile to the power of the State to protect itself. The complaint appears to assume that a union may make its own rules. It could, for example, refuse to admit all men under or over a certain height, or put a clause in its constitution forever barring left-handed men, or members of the Seventh-day Baptist Church. All the injunction in the case of Militiaman Potter assumes is that a labor union is bound to administer its own rules fairly, and not to change them without due notice, and then only by regular process. It is held that Potter was expelled contrary to the constitution and laws of the union. The broad question of the legal responsibility of labor unions is hardly opened by this suit. The next step would be to test the complaint of a non-member who has made a contract in view of union rules. An award of damages to Potter would advance the day when labor organizations will be held to the responsibility that binds all other bodies doing a collective business.

The recent report on national finance presented to the Chamber of Commerce by Mr. J. Harsen Rhoades embraced three subjects of the highest importance. The first deals with the maintenance of parity of all kinds of money, and recommends that the Secretary of the Treasury be empowered to make gold and silver dollars interchangeable at the Treasury. The present law requires the Secretary to maintain parity, but does not indicate any method or provide any means of doing so. The recommendation of the Chamber of Commerce (which ratified the report) is that the simplest of all methods for maintaining parity be adopted—by giving the holders of silver dollars the option of exchanging them for gold ones if they desire. They have this option now as regards the subsidiary coins. The halves, quarters, and nickels thus hold a preferred place over the "standard silver dollar," so called because it is not a standard—*lucus a non lucendo*. This is one of the oddities of our patchwork monetary system. Congressman Hill of Connecticut has been working hard to have the solecism corrected. His original bill for that purpose is now a part of the Fowler bill. It would, no doubt, pass by a good majority if it were placed before the House distinct from other measures. Connected with this are two minor suggestions, which need not to be particularly discussed now—one calling for more subsidiary coins, and the other opposing any further coinage of silver dollars from the bullion in the Treasury.

Another feature of the report of prime importance is the recommendation that the Secretary be authorized to use his own discretion as to depositing the money of the general fund in banks, and that he be authorized to accept State and municipal bonds as security therefor. Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, one of the signers of the Committee's report, dissented briefly from this recommendation, not because he thought that the Government's money would be unsafe in such cases, but because the public deposits might be used to serve political ends. But this objection lies against the law as it now stands. The accusation of depositing money in favorite banks, and for party purposes, has been repeatedly brought against the head of the Treasury in times past. Secretaries Sherman, Folger, Fairchild, Windom, and Gage were thus accused by political opponents, and without any foundation for the charges. Our system being what it is, this evil, if it be an evil, will continue, whether the special security required for the deposits be one thing or another, and whether interest be paid by the banks or not. A change in the existing Sub-Treasury law seems to be impending, and it cannot come too soon.

Just as Vermont is leaving the prohibition ranks and New Hampshire seems likely to do the same, the great Canadian province of Ontario has passed what may be called a resolution in favor of the suppression of the saloon. The effect of Thursday's vote is moral only, for the referendum was held under conditions which made impossible a technical victory for the Prohibitionists. It was required that they should poll 212,700 votes for the measure—a majority of the votes actually cast in the general election of 1898. When it is remembered that the vote on any abstract measure is always far less than the vote for a man, it will be seen that for the Prohibitionists to vote at all was in the nature of a forlorn hope. Provided those opposed to prohibition, plus the stay-at-homes, were a majority of the vote of 1898, they might view with equanimity the largest plurality for prohibition. It is estimated that the Prohibitionists had a majority of 50,000 of the votes cast last week, but the polling was comparatively light, and the Prohibitionist vote fell short of the arbitrary figure set for it. Out of fifteen cities nine, including Toronto, voted for prohibition, so that it must be admitted that the anti-saloon people made a gallant fight. One cannot help seeing a certain Machiavellian cunning in Minister Ross's handling of the whole matter. He has ingeniously contrived that his province shall have the moral satisfaction of voting against the saloon, without the practical inconvenience of being deprived of it.

The passage of the Education bill in nearly its original form is a personal triumph for Mr. Balfour. The measure will be little modified in the Lords, and England will for the first time have a uniform system of primary education, and an organization which is empowered to deal with the pressing matter of public secondary education. The system, considered as a system, seems workable, and even the Liberals will feel that it is better than the former condition. That the Balfour scheme can last long in its present form we much doubt. There is a fundamental unfairness in the bargain by which the voluntary (chiefly Church of England) schools offer their buildings as an equivalent for support from the taxpayers, meanwhile retaining control of the schools. These buildings, though nominally private, are in large part already public property. The voluntary subscriptions by which they were built were in large part credited against the tax levy, and the Government, where it needed the school buildings, would be quite justified in expropriating them at a low valuation. As it is, the thousands of Church schools become public because the public pays for their maintenance, but remain private because the old managers retain a majority of the local committees, and the bill provides for respecting the sectarian "atmosphere" of each school. We doubt if the English people will long abide by so bad a bargain, and we confidently expect to see the people put in full control of the denominational schools. Meanwhile a rather bad educational measure stands as a monument to Mr. Balfour's parliamentary tact.

In rebuking German workingmen for voting as Social Democrats, Emperor William necessarily assumes to know better than they do where their true political interest lies. That, of course, does not embarrass him. He frankly takes all knowledge for his province. Yet even his easy air of infallible wisdom does not go well with the fact that the party which he denounces for its complete folly has a larger voting strength than any other political group in Germany. The steady rise of the Social Democratic vote, in the successive elections to the Reichstag, has been the most significant phenomenon in modern German politics. There can be little doubt that the party will show itself still stronger numerically at the election next June, despite the Emperor's protests. Indeed, the present drift of legislation in Germany, with the surrender of the Government to the Agrarians, is finely calculated to make Socialist votes. Nor should it be forgotten that German Socialism, politically considered, is by no means the wholly evil thing the Kaiser would have us believe it. Thousands of Germans are in the Social Democratic ranks simply because they think they can there more effectively register their dissent from sheer absolutism in government.

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SPEAKER REED.

It has long been and long will be impossible to refer to the late Mr. Reed without calling him the Speaker. As Seward was always Governor to Lincoln, so the masterful Speaker of 1889-'91 forever linked his name to the office. The fierce controversies which raged about his innovations on old practice have now abated, and we can calmly weigh his action with something of the serene impartiality of history. Looking back upon his break with the ancient law and tradition of the House, we do not see to-day, any more than we could see at the time, how it can be denied that his audacity was revolutionary. The particular vice of his attitude was that, in order to obtain authority regularly, he assumed it irregularly; in order to enable his party to make a new rule, he himself made it off-hand. In other words, he counted a quorum in order to make it lawful to count a quorum. That was essentially a revolution in parliamentary practice, and its subsequent legalization by Congress does not alter the character of Speaker Reed's original act.

Nor does the later record of Congress, under the "Reed rules," satisfactorily bear out the exaggerated claims made in his behalf. He himself, in characteristic but dangerously sarcastic phrase, thanked God that the House of Representatives had "ceased to be a deliberative assembly." What he meant was, that a weapon had been forged to force Congress to vastly greater expedition in a vastly greater amount of business. But an inspection of the *Congressional Record* will put a quietus on the pretension. As a matter of fact, the House sees as many bills sink into the grave as before, wastes as much time, and has as meagre a product to show for the labors of a session. We have always to bear in mind the simple truth that Congress is one of those bodies of which it can be said that, the more you change it, the more it remains the same thing. It is not in the rules of the House, but in its inherent nature, that the obstacles to rapid and inconsiderate legislation lie.

"You think," said Congressman Cannon once, in a burst of angry candor, "that because I am Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, it is my business to make appropriations. But my duty really is to prevent them from being made." Somewhat the same may be said of the House as a whole. Perhaps its most important function is to put a hook in the nose of impetuous legislators. If every heady and hurrying Representative could drop a crude bill in the slot and draw out an enacted law, there would be an end of a stable social order. Congress has to deliberate in spite of itself. It has to compel individual or sectional interests to submit to the consensus of the whole country. That is a thing which could not be done by a Congressional machine turning out statutes as a press throws off printed sheets. Speaker Reed did not really create such a machine, despite the loud assertions of the time; and it is just as well that he did not. No doubt he facilitated the majority's having its way sharply and decisively when it knew what it really wanted; but in the matter of sheer "efficiency," judged by the amount of work done and the time consumed in doing it, he left the House very much where he found it.

It was, after all, the personal quality of the man, more than his actual public service, which gave him a place apart. He was that rare phenomenon among ambitious politicians in a democracy—a man with positive convictions and a tongue that spared neither friend nor foe. He seemed, in his reckless use of biting speech, to have taken to heart the advice which Talleyrand gave to Thiers: "You wish to rise; make enemies." It was partly, no doubt, the temptation of his own incisive wit. He could puncture absurdity and inflated humbug as quickly as he perceived them, and he never found it in his heart to refrain. Almost at the very beginning of his Congressional career, he mortally offended some of his constituents, who had applied to him to secure them some condemned cannon, by endorsing on their letter of application, "I am not in the old junk business." He could not stay his hand, on such fit occasion. From that moment until the day when, scorning to "flatter crime where it sits throned in brief omnipotence," he levelled his sarcasms at a flaunting Imperialism, he was typically the American in public life who had a mind of his own and spoke it pungently.

The political success which Mr. Reed won is really the best proof of an unusual ability, beyond that of a mere master of flouts and gibes. A democracy does not readily warm to a public man who ridicules its follies. One whose words "crystallize into epigrams as they touch the air," must be able to convince men that he has weight as well as wit if he rises by the suffrages of a people who so like to be flattered, and whom it is so easy to flatter—as easy as lying. Seldom does a politician with a cynic turn, like Mr. Reed, go far; and he has a title to distinction in the fact that his supporters saw more in him than the sharp tongue which made them wince even while they voted for him. Almost equally remarkable is it for a public man to retire voluntarily, as he did, without moroseness or bitterness. He never concealed his opinion of President McKinley or of the methods by which the nomination of that gentleman was secured in 1896; yet it was not with the sourness of a disappointed man, but with the proud sense of an intellect and character superior to base time-serving, that he spoke of the men who had risen to power through sedulously consulting the tastes of the "strong beast" under which Plato figured the populace, and declaring that whatever it wanted was the deepest wisdom and the highest morality. Some one asked Mr. Reed not long ago if he had not greatly missed the fascinations of public life. He replied frankly that he had feared he should do so, and did not know but he might yet come to do so, but that thus far "the Lord had been good" to him, and had preserved him from that misfortune. Such a cheerful temper, in retirement from great power, is as infrequent as it is admirable.

There was undoubtedly in the man a strain of shrewd and sturdy Americanism, of the old-fashioned sort. This it was which made it impossible to trick him with the glamour of our latter-day Imperialism. He was too solidly based to be swept away by the rush of new-fangled doctrines which came with the Spanish war. He laughed at them; he parodied them; he poured out his irony upon them; he turned them to ridicule, and transfixed their champions with the darts of his sarcasm; but deep down in his heart he was filled with a sincere and patriotic grief that his countrymen should seem for a time to be running after those tawdry glories. A sinewy Yankee, smacking of the soil, he took his place beside that other racy product of our native earth, Mark Twain, in employing the arsenal of his wit against the false and fleeting impulses of the hour which would introduce the new Empire into old Americanism. It is his unyielding opposition to that folly, and the calm confidence with which he looked to see it fall in ruin, that made his later years the most truly serviceable of all his life, and that deepen the regret we feel that such a man—so ill spared—should have been taken away before filling the measure of his days.

THE TREASURY REPORT.

The first leading feature of the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury is the one relating to income and expenditure. The receipts for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1902, were $684,326,280, and the expenditures $593,038,904, leaving a surplus of $91,287,376. The receipts from internal revenue for the year were $271,880,000. The repeal of war taxes did not take effect until the end of the fiscal year. For the next fiscal year the estimates from internal revenue are $222,000,000, and the estimated surplus from all sources is $48,000,000. This depends, however, upon the continuance of good times. If there should be a commercial reaction, the balance might be on the other side of the ledger. The expenditures do not include anything for the sinking fund. Under existing laws it is presumed that all, or most, of the surplus will be applied to

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the purchase and cancellation of United States bonds. Purchases for the last fiscal year reached the large sum of $70,410,000, with which $56,071,000 of bonds at par value were bought, the remainder being paid for premiums.

This large slice taken out of the public debt lessens the aggregate security available for the national banknote system, and brings us nearer to the time when other means must be found for keeping any kind of paper currency going other than Government issues. Secretary Shaw anticipates the approaching dilemma by suggestions concerning the issue of banknotes based upon the general assets of the banks. This is much the most important part of the report and has evidently been the subject of Cabinet consideration, since it is directly in line with the President's message. The latter referred to "the recurrence of financial stringencies which injuriously affect legitimate business," and dwelt upon the need of an element of elasticity in our monetary system. The Secretary holds the same views and goes more into detail. He thinks that the time has already arrived when it will be necessary to adopt one of two policies. "Either the Government debt must be perpetuated as a basis for national-bank circulation, and additional bonds issued as occasion may require, or some other system must be provided."

Some discretion is given to the Secretary to extend a portion of the existing debt by converting short-time bonds into others running thirty years at 2 per cent., and thus putting off the day when the Government must adopt some other system; but he has no discretion to put out additional bonds. Therefore, the currency must remain inelastic, even if it does not shrink by reason of the rising market price of the bonds, which makes it more profitable for the banks to sell these securities than to hold them for the small profit that can be derived from note issues. Not only is no substantial relief to be obtained by extending the short-time bonds, but such extension disables the Government from using its surplus to pay off at par the bonds maturing within a brief period. In short, there is no use in further delaying the consideration of means for issuing a circulation based upon the general credits of the banks.

The Secretary thinks that a very small tax upon circulation to provide a common redemption fund for the notes of failed banks would suffice, and he does not favor the policy of making notes a first lien on the assets. Probably a little further reflection will lead him to change his mind in this particular, seeing that our present system not only gives the note-holders a first lien on assets, but gives also the Government's guarantee that this first lien shall be sufficient for the purpose of redemption of the notes on demand. Both the Scotch and the Canadian systems give note-holders the first lien, and it is a fact to be remembered also that our own banking systems before the civil war were all tending toward the same conclusion.

An analysis of bank failures under the national system shows that a tax of one-eighth of 1 per cent. would have covered all loss to noteholders, even if there had been no bond security for note issues. This tax, the Secretary thinks, should be considered a "premium of insurance" and the Government the "underwriter." This is a very weighty suggestion, since it implies that the Government is to guarantee the goodness of the notes, as it can well afford to do, since it has the power to impose the tax or fix the premium of insurance. All opposition to assets currency ought to cease when the Government guarantees its goodness.

There is no recommendation for branch banks. One thing at a time is a good rule. The principal mistake of the Fowler bill lies in the attempt to do too many things at once, thus combining in the common opposition everybody who objects to any single feature of it. The Secretary has no doubt taken a lesson from the failure of that measure to command the assent of the Republican caucus at the last session. By putting himself in line with the best thought of the day in the matter of banking reform, the Secretary has rendered a good service to the country, and one which may not improbably bear fruit in practical legislation during his term of office.

The Secretary makes another excellent recommendation—that he be allowed to deposit the Treasury surplus in banks without specific security, and that the Government receive interest therefor, such deposits to be made after special examination of the banks so chosen. He would abolish the useless distinction which the law makes between receipts from customs and other receipts, so that the deposits may be made direct from the Treasury instead of from the internal-revenue offices. When we consider the trouble that has beset successive Secretaries in their attempts to avoid a disastrous accumulation of idle funds in the Treasury, and the public agitation thereon, we can only wonder that Congress has permitted the present senseless and antiquated system to continue so long. A bill of ten lines on the plan suggested by the Secretary would cure this evil completely, and with entire safety to the Government, besides realizing a considerable income from interest on deposits. It would also give the Secretary more discretion than he now enjoys as to the payment of premium on bonds purchased. He would not be forced to buy bonds to reduce the surplus. He would be free to take them or not, according to the price asked.

VENEZUELA THEN AND NOW.

The astonishment of a traveller from Venezuela who had been in this country in 1895, and should return here to-day, would surely rival that of any assumed visitant from Mars. His melancholy might equal even that of Macaulay's naked New Zealander sitting on the ruins of London Bridge. For what an amazing transformation would not our Venezuelan have to note! Seven years ago he and his fellow-countrymen and his native land were as the apple of our eye. On their behalf we were ready to go to war with the greatest naval power on earth. To prevent our "sister republic" from having an inch of territory taken from her, we were as ready as Hotspur to shed our dear blood drop by drop. There was, in fact, a most effusive, not to say maudlin, swearing of eternal Pan-American friendship, and let the rest of the world come on if it dared!

But now, to Venezuelan eyes, we must seem to have suffered a sea-change. It is a question to-day, not of a dispute over a boundary line in the swamps and tangled forests of a semi-tropical country, but of very hard cash demanded at the cannon's mouth. Great Britain never proposed to delimit her claimed Venezuelan territory by force; but her war-ships are now insulting American waters by their presence, and, side by side with German cruisers, are preparing to move upon unhappy Venezuela just as if she were Abyssinia or Persia, with no big brother to protect her. "Where," the Venezuelan traveller might well ask, "is the noble ardor of 1895? Where is America for the Americans? Where the immortal Monroe?" Where, indeed! The Venezuelans are treated by the American press and public to-day as if they were nothing but a nuisance. "Good enough for the miserable Dagoes," is the common remark about the news that Germany and England are to seize Venezuelan ports and collect a long-overdue debt. To leave out no drop of bitterness from the cup pressed to the lips of the Venezuelan traveller, he would have to read solemn and very dull newspaper editorials, telling him that he never did understand the Monroe Doctrine anyway.

The thing which Americans ought to bend their minds to understand, however, is that the temper in which such affairs are handled makes all the difference in the world. We are convinced that it would have been just as easy to set the country aflame against Germany this year over Venezuelan wrongs as it was against England in 1895. The madness of that time was wholly without good reason. A distinguished American, long resident in England, then wrote from London to a friend in this country, "We can see that you are very angry, but we haven't the faintest idea what about." The only explanation was

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that the Administration managed to give the impression that England was contemplating a great outrage, and the people were ready to fly to arms without stopping to ask what it was all about. A similar belligerent note from Washington to-day against Germany would undoubtedly lead to a similar result. It would be easy to make out a plausible case. "The scheming foreigners *say* that they only want to collect money justly due them, but how do we know that the debt is a just one? Is it not an example of the land going with the money? How do we know that, once in possession of the sacred soil of republican America, these monarchists will ever give it up? We must resist the very beginnings of aggression. The Monroe Doctrine is in peril, and we must awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

But President Roosevelt has met the situation with such calm good sense that the country is as quiet and indifferent as it would have been in 1895 had a similar course been followed then. The correct attitude was indicated unmistakably in the President's latest message. "No independent nation in America need have the slightest fear of aggression from the United States." So much for that side; then for the other—"It behooves each one to maintain order within its own borders, and to *discharge its just obligations to foreigners.*" That tells the whole story. The language used is perhaps a little harsh; it will no doubt grate on some South American ears; it is in a tone which we should never think of using towards Italy, for example, or of tolerating for an instant if used by Italy towards us. But it states the true position accurately. No stretch of the Monroe Doctrine or of American big-brotherhood will enable the South Americans to assume the part of spoiled children. If they are naughty they will be whipped and sent off to bed. If they play fast and loose with their international obligations, they will have to take the consequences. No ægis of Monroeism will be held over them. We shall neither pay nor guarantee their debts nor prevent their creditors from forcing them to settle. They are always welcome to our good offices, but just at present our good offices consist in telling them bluntly to be decent and meet their obligations to foreigners. It is a great point gained. The firm and sound position taken by President Roosevelt in all this business contributes not only to the peace of the world, but to our public peace of mind. We shall not begin to see horrid visions and to talk of war every time a South American country takes to playing its tricks, and shall look upon the sailing of a foreign warship to enforce justice in South America as calmly as we should upon a deputy sheriff going out to make a levy.

OUR SULU TREATY.

The announcement in the fall of 1899 that Gen. J. C. Bates had negotiated a treaty with the Sultan of Sulu which forever bound him to our service as a loyal vassal, at a cost of only $760 monthly in "salaries," was received with joy by the Imperialists and by the McKinley Administration. It was possible, its organs said, that we had made a mistake in not working through or buying up Aguinaldo, but that was then a dead issue. In this Sulu matter we had taken a leaf out of England's book and had improved upon it. It established, as every one could tell at a glance, a political order similar to that among the minor principalities in India and in the Malay states. It was bound to work well, for the *Tribune* described it as the "happiest omen" for the future good government of the Philippines, and regretted that similar arrangements could not be made with all the other "grand divisions" of the archipelago. With that wise foresight which ever distinguished him, Gen. Otis saw in this treaty a "happy adjustment of all apprehended pending difficulties." A serious observer in Manila even wrote that "the foundation which has been so admirably laid by Gen. Bates may well stand for years as the basis of the work of the others who may come after him."

Of course, there was a fly in the pot of ointment. The pesky Anti-Imperialists could not refrain from pointing out that this treaty was practically dictated by the Sultan of Sulu. Gen. Otis had no troops to spare from Luzon at that time, so the Sultan decided that our tribute to his majesty should be $760, and not $599.99, or $699.99, or any other bargain-counter figure. Then the Anti-Imperialists insisted that the "party of moral ideas," which had once freed a race at home, stultified itself by becoming a party to the slavery practised in the Sultanate. Assistant Secretary of State Hill at once came to the Administration's defence and "indignantly denied" these aspersions. We were no more responsible for the customs of the Moros, he explained, than we were for the scalping propensities of the Sioux. The fact that the Sultan acknowledged our sovereignty had nothing to do with the matter. The Constitutional provision forbidding slavery under the United States brought up a nice point in Constitutional law, "about which there will be wide difference of opinion." But, any way, he said, in dealing with such questions we must use "practical means," and, as Mr. Roosevelt had even then taught us, we must all bow low before the god Practicality. In any case, Mr. Hill said, "the spirit and genius of our American institutions" would not long permit slavery and polygamy to continue under our flag. But the *Tribune* scorned such a qualified defence. "To not one of the conditions is exception to be taken on any ground of equity or reason" was its whole-souled declaration.

Well, three years of the Empire have passed since then and the "foundations so admirably laid by Gen. Bates" have begun to tremble and shake. The Sultan is content, for when he failed to get his money the other day he telegraphed to Manila and "ordered it hurried along." The Philippine Commission "immediately held a meeting" (according to the *Sun's* dispatches), and appropriated the money out of the Philippine revenues. Naturally, the good Sultan is pleased at this prompt recognition of his powers. Not so Gen. Davis, the new commanding general in the Philippines, one of the "others" who have "come after" Bates and Otis. Gen. Davis demands "that the Bates agreement be abrogated and set aside; that no sultan or king over all the Moros of any region or over other dattos be recognized"; and—wicked as it may seem when viewed in the light of 1899—insists that "no pension or subsidy be allowed to any sultan or heir apparent, or to any other chief, and that government over the Moros be military." There, be it observed, speaks the true soldier. No diplomacy or filthy lucre for him. He knows his policy means war, for he calls upon Congress to act, because "the Moros surely will never willingly give up the rights they now enjoy."

But what of that? There has been comparatively little American blood spilled of late. "When these born pirates," Gen. Davis says, "feel the weight of our power, they will believe we are in earnest and respect us, but until then they will despise and hate us." So he would have our new policy of blood and iron "announced at once and enforced at every cost." But this bull in the china shop is not willing to stop there, for he continues to demolish the arguments of 1899 in the following plain and satisfactory way:

> "If we pursued the English or Netherland plan, governing native races through native kings, sultans, rajahs, and dattos, then this sultan would fit into the scheme, but it seems to the writer quite out of the question for us to quote to the Moros the Declaration of Independence, and particularly the clause which asserts that all men were born free and equal, and at the same time concede to certain persons living under our flag the inherited legal right to tax, enslave, and even behead their fellowmen."

What in the world are Secretary Root and President Roosevelt about, to allow a general to "let daylight" into their policy in this way?

As for ourselves, we think Gen. Davis entitled to a vote of thanks from every lover of his country for his plain speaking. The hypocrisy and hollowness of our attitude towards the Moros are now as evident as is our wrongdoing in Samoa since King Oscar's rigid investigation. But Gen. Davis has rendered a greater public service than that. He

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has laid bare the exact nature of our rule by force—by rifle and cannon—in the archipelago. "I see in all this," writes an army officer of rank now in Manila, referring to the general outlook in the islands, "the manifestation of the well-known inclination of humans to rule arbitrarily unless held in check by a determined public. Our very Presidents, our Secretaries of War, and our generals here and in Cuba have shown an ill-concealed desire to rule despotically, even when reared in a republic. And our army officers—well, you should hear some of their ideas as to how we should handle these people."

Gen. Davis has ventilated these ideas in advocating fire and slaughter among the Sulu Moros. Considering the news they are getting from Luzon of the cessation of agriculture, of the destruction of 90 per cent. of the field animals, of a debased currency, of pestilence, famine, and starvation—all as a result of our benevolent assimilation by force—no one can blame them if they should resist Gen. Davis to the last gasp, in case Congress approves of his un-Christian policy of conquest.

EDUCATIONAL DIVERSITY.

At the last Oxford Convocation the traditional requirement of Greek at responsions (a qualifying examination which follows matriculation by only a few months) escaped repeal by a narrow majority. The Oxford discussion has found a wide echo in the press, and England is going over the pros and cons which with us, some twenty years ago, followed the publication of Mr. Charles Francis Adams's "A College Fetish." Curiously, the most valuable aid to an apparently lost cause has come from the ranks of the enemy. Sir Philip Magnus of the City and Guilds of London Institute (a technical and industrial institution) writes in the *Spectator* of November 22 a plea for the retention of Greek at Oxford, on the ground of maintaining a wholesome diversity in higher studies:

> "Education would lose in width and variety if all universities were to adopt the same conditions for the admission of students; and we may be certain that if Greek be no longer required as a necessary subject of examination in responsions at Oxford, the *language will gradually cease to be studied in nearly all schools*, and exact scholarship in this country will seriously suffer. It is because I desire to see our new universities *stamped each with its own individuality* that I should be sorry if the University of Oxford took any step that would dissociate it from its great traditions, and indirectly tend to introduce undesirable uniformity into the teaching of our secondary schools."

The educational drift to-day is unquestionably towards uniformity of institutions and diversity of studies within each institution. The elective and group systems which perhaps make for the individualizing of the student, as surely make for the reduction of institutions to a common category. It is no longer possible to say "alle we studie the same Latyne," but it is coming to be the case that all our students at about the same period make their choices from about the same list of subjects with numerical coefficients. The colleges, as far and as quickly as they may, are trying to turn out A. B.s "equally as good as" those of Harvard or Johns Hopkins. It is highly significant that no American university has asserted a distinct preeminence, or even a distinctive character, such as the traditional reputation of Oxford for classics, of Cambridge for mathematics. Why one goes, say, to Columbia rather than to Princeton, or to Harvard rather than to Yale, could hardly be expressed in terms of intelligent academic preference, and the small colleges retain their prestige on wholly valid but also completely unacademic grounds. Much of this uniformity is the inevitable result of simultaneous reforms in the colleges, much of it is wholesome and in the direction of thoroughness as against display. The remarkable thing is that institution after institution should be so willing to give up the tradition under which it has achieved a distinctive success, to assume that there is no dignity and scarcely safety except in following at a respectful interval the leading universities, finally to prefer frankly utilitarian ideals of education. We hear much talk of the peculiar advantages and special function of the small college, but where is this faith proved in works? Which are the small colleges that are not, as fast as their means permit, trying to become simply a large college in miniature? Few but the Roman Catholic colleges.

Now the value of the elective system may be regarded as settled, and the fact that Greek is only most desirable, not indispensable, in a liberal curriculum may also be considered as proved. What is not proved is that all the colleges should, therefore, renounce Greek, or put it in the category of elementary histology, contemporary fiction, and experimental psychology. The precept, "Hold fast that which is good," is by no means obsolete. The newest theories of education become fads unless the conservatives offer a sturdy opposition. Too ready and too universal assent seems likely to deprive higher education of any concurrent testing of various theories. Colleges, like men, are afraid of "getting left," and the result is that we have insufficient data to determine the value of any educational system. If only for the sake of experiment and the advance of educational science (if such a science there be), we need a few backward institutions—a few Oxfords to train our practical youth in impractical lore, and to show confidence in the generally disciplined as against the specifically trained spirit. This is why an officer of the newest kind of English technical school wishes Oxford to retain the traditional requirements that assure every graduate a certain acquaintance with the historians, poets, and dramatists of Hellas.

This discussion might have more than an abstract bearing. If a few of our American colleges would stand firm upon the traditional course in Greek, Latin, mathematics, and philosophy, teaching each student the elements of one natural science and of two at least of the modern languages; assuming that he who knew the Attic dramatists intimately would need no ambassador to Shakspere, Corneille, Molière, and Goethe, we believe that what might seem a wholly reactionary experiment would be fully justified by its practical results. Because it seems best for the average American student to browse at random through an elective schedule, it by no means follows that it is not good for *some* American students to follow an austerer way. And this is better done in a college where the *genius loci* is steadfastly favorable, than attempted amid the confusion of tongues of a modern university. The small colleges should look well to it before they sacrifice the strength of the traditional curriculum and engage in the hopeless competition with the "American-plan" menu now offered by the universities.

ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.

PARIS, November 19, 1902.

M. Émile Faguet is a distinguished critic, whose feuilletons in the *Journal des Débats* are always read with much pleasure. The volumes he has published on French literature are very interesting, and it is almost a pity that he should take time every week for the analysis of plays which are almost always without merit. He has just added a volume to the series of "Les Grands Écrivains Français," and undertaken to inform us very thoroughly about the great poet André Chénier, one of the victims of the French Revolution.

André-Marie Chénier was born at Galata, a suburb of Constantinople, on October 30, 1762, in the house of his father, who was French Consul, Louis Chénier, agent of a commercial house at Marseilles. In Constantinople he was the "deputy" of his nation—that is to say, the representative of French commerce at the French Embassy. Louis Chénier married in 1755 Elisabeth Santi-Lomaca, belonging to a family which pretended to be allied to the hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia. He was afterwards appointed Consul-General in Morocco. Madame Chénier remained in Paris for the education of her children. Her husband resigned in 1782, and returned to France. When the Revolution broke out the family was divided in sentiment. The ex-diplomat was very conservative; Madame Chénier, who was semi-literary and had associated with many writers and artists, was a "démagogue," to use her husband's expression, and imparted her principles to her son Marie-Joseph, whom she preferred to André, the future poet.

André had for his spiritual fathers Lebrun, the poet; David, the painter; and

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Brunck, an archæologist. "The first objects set before his eyes," says M. Faguet, "were antique medals, engravings, and scenes from the Iliad." The first serious conversations which he heard were intermixed with verses, with tales of travel, citations from Winckelmann, from the Greek Anthology. In 1773 the boy was placed in the Collège de Navarre with his brother Marie-Joseph. He there excelled in his studies, and became acquainted with the brothers De Pange and the brothers Trudaine, whose names often appear in his writings. In 1782 he was attached, as gentleman-cadet, to the Angoumois regiment, which had Strasbourg for its garrison. His rank was intermediate between the officers and the non-commissioned officers. The life in the regiment did not suit him; his health was delicate. He returned to Paris after a short time, and gave himself entirely up to letters and to society. He was not handsome; we have a portrait of him, painted by Suvée in the prison of Saint-Lazare, on the 29th Messidor, An II.; it shows him with a very large head and forehead, *out of proportion to his body*; already bald, with flowing hair, wide eyes, a very sinuous mouth. The expression of the face is refined and agreeable. He read immensely and made comments on his readings; these notes will probably soon be published in their entirety. He made himself familiar with all the Greek and Latin authors. He was very eclectic, and did not neglect English and Italian literature. M. Faguet tells us that he became an enemy of the Christian doctrine. "As to this idea that Christian morality is not superior to that of the ancients, he is very explicit. Against the authenticity of the history of Jesus, against the resurrection of Christ, he has vigorous and passionate pages. He is an anti-Christian radical." But we must not infer from this that he was a friend or admirer of the philosophers of the eighteenth century. He had great contempt for Helvetius, a moderate admiration and no esteem for Voltaire (which showed a rare independence of mind at the time when Voltaire was the idol of society). The pages on Voltaire cited by M. Faguet are a very eloquent though sometimes very unjust satire.

The typical man of the eighteenth century, an infidel through ignorance, fashion, vanity, was not at all of Chénier's type. His portfolios, so long closed, and opened only lately, show him to have been a sort of moralist, like La Bruyère or Vauvenargues. He was observant, and traced good portraits in the manner of La Bruyère, without giving the names of his models. Before everything, he loved the Greek writers, and his poetical genius found its aliment in their writings. He was not a fervent admirer of our writers of the seventeenth century, but he knew them well, and he may be considered as the last of our classic poets. "He does not wish," says M. Faguet, "to be a Neo-antique; he means to be antique. He does not wish to be *racinisant*, nor *ronsardisant*." His genius was really original, and all independent minds are more or less isolated. His ambition was to give to France another Ronsard, better and more intimately aquainted with the ancients.

In 1782 he made a journey for his health to Switzerland and Italy, intending also to go to Greece; but he found himself too ill at Naples, and returned to France by short stages. He composed verses all the way, and compared himself on his return to Ulysses coming back to Ithaca. After this he was for several years to be inspired by the recollections of Italy and Sicily.

"This first manner of Chénier," says M. Faguet, "is exquisite, and has been universally regarded as the very characteristic of his genius, though we must take care not to confine it wholly within those two narrow limits. . . . The Ionian Sea and the light winds of Sicily sing in the verse of André Chénier as they do in those of Homer, Callimachus, and Theocritus." "He really sees like the ancients, not, as do most modern writers, with a mixture of abstract ideas interposed between the object and the writer; not, as do many others, through a light mist, very poetical also, but which makes the lines uncertain; but with the clearness, the precision of the lines of a bas-relief. For, as his master Winckelmann well said, if the modern genius is picturesque, the genius of the ancients is sculpturesque."

The model of this first manner of Chénier, its masterpiece, if I may say so, is in all French memories; there is not a schoolgirl, not a well-educated young man, who does not know by heart "La Jeune Tarentine," and does not sometimes recite it, I ought to say, sing it, as the verses are as melodious as the most melodious music.

"Elle a vécu, Myrto, la jeune Tarentine!
Un vaisseau la portait aux bords de Camarine."

This "Jeune Tarentine" will be forever found in French anthologies; it has an indescribable freshness, as well as pathos, that preserves all the purity, the nobility of the ancient pathos, which never was melodramatic, convulsive, and horrible.

Chénier became acquainted with the Countess Alfieri, who continued to be called the Countess of Albany, as she had long been known under that name before marrying the great Italian poet. His health had very much improved, and he led a worldly life, a life of gaiety, the kind of life which made Talleyrand say afterwards that those who had not lived in Paris from 1780 to 1789 did not know "la douceur de vivre." Chénier entered at that time, as a poet, upon what M. Faguet chooses to call his second manner. The "Élégies" differ from the antique poems; they are more Roman than Greek, and are sometimes Romantic. "They are complex at the same time and unique; they proceed from a lascivious ardor which reminds us of Catullus, to the deep and tender melancholy which reminds us of La Fontaine and announces Lamartine; they show us the eternal follies of the poet who laments, frets himself, despairs, who reconquers himself, abandons himself, or laughs at himself."

"Ah! que ceux qui, plaignant l'amoureuse souffrance,
N'ont connu qu'une oisive et morne indifférence,
En bonheur, en plaisir pensent m'avoir vaincu,
Ils n'ont fait qu'exister; l'amant seul a vécu."

These four verses are not a bad specimen of the spirit which is found in the "Élégies." The most characteristic and personal of these poems is an elegy which begins with the words: "Souvent le malheureux songe à quitter la vie," and which has become classic, like "La Jeune Tarentine."

Chénier was appointed Secretary of Embassy in 1787, attached to M. de la Luzerne. He left Paris with much regret, almost in despair; he consoled himself by studying English literature. He wrote a didactic poem, "L'Invention," which was a sort of preface to a philosophical poem, "Hermès," that much occupied his mind. We find him in Paris in 1790, and a member of the "Society of the Friends of the Constitution" with his friends Trudaine and De Pange. This society was formed by the most eminent men who were to make a mark in the Revolution. His first political work was an "Advice to the French People on its True Enemies," published in the *Journal of the Society of 1789*, on the 28th of August, 1790. It was a sort of manifesto of the Society, already alarmed by passing events. Speaking of the summary executions which were taking place in the streets of Paris, "Surely," says he ironically, "it cannot be denied that since all power emanates from the people, the power of hanging also belongs to it; but it is painful to think that it is the only one which the people's representatives don't wish to exercise themselves." Chénier's political programme will be found not only in this pamphlet, but also in the poem called "Le Jeu de Paume." Chénier published several other political poems—the "Hymn on the Triumphal Entry of the Revolted Swiss of the Châteauvieux Regiment" (April 15, 1793); an Ode to Charlotte Corday, in which he said:

"Ta douceur, ton langage et simple et magnanime,
Leur apprit qu'en effet, tout puissant qu'est le crime,
Qui renonce à la vie est plus puissant que lui."

He fiercely denounced the Jacobins, he protested against the excesses of the Revolution, he wrote four pamphlets in order to save the life of Louis XVI.

After the death of the King he ceased to write, and retired in despair to Versailles, and tried to console himself by writing fragments of his philosophical poem "Hermès," which was to remain unfinished. Chénier returned to Paris in the worst hour of the Terror. He thought himself safe in the house of his parents, but he was almost immediately arrested. He remained four months and thirteen days in the prison of Saint-Lazare, finding there some friends and making some acquaintances. Among these was one, Aimée de Coigny, whom he has made immortal by the beautiful and touching poem "La Jeune Captive." He wrote in prison some "Iambes," in which his indignation found vent against the monsters in power:

"Souffre, o corps gros de haine, affamé de justice!
Toi, Vertu, pleurs si je meurs."

He appeared before the Revolutionary tribunal on the 7th Thermidor, and was on the same day executed in the Place de la Révolution. Nothing is known of his last moments. Forty-five hours afterwards Robespierre was hurled from power; and the reaction of Thermidor against the Terror began.

Notes.

The New Amsterdam Co. will republish immediately Harmon's 'Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America,' from the Andover edition of 1820. It will form part of their "Commonwealth Library" of tales of explorers.

Poet-Lore this month undergoes a transformation into the *American Quarterly*, which is to "stand for the literary movement of the present time in all countries, and for the social ideals and tendencies now

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shaping progress in thought and life." It will add to *Poet-Lore's* scope "a department distinctly sociological," for which George Willis Cooke allies himself with Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. The place of publication is 16 Ashburton Place, Boston.

We continue our list of new editions for the gift season with mention first of 'Sir Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' edited by T. F. Henderson, and published in four volumes by Blackwoods in London and Scribners in New York. Mr. Henderson's competence for the task of improving the latest revised issue of this monumental work (some seventy years since) will be felt by any one who reads his preface, in which he mingles praise of Professor Child and his great ballad collection with some criticism when discussing, as with Andrew Lang also, the origin of the ballad. So voluminous a work could not dispense with small type, but the impression is clear, on excellent paper, with broad margins. The binding is cheerful, and nothing is wanting to make these volumes a possession to be highly prized.

One must go almost as far back as to Mr. Henderson's predecessor for the first edition (1847) of Miss Pardoe's 'Louis the Fourteenth and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century.' It comes to us now, as readable as ever, in three volumes, from James Pott & Co. The get-up is sufficiently attractive in all particulars. The endurance of this work is a tribute to the author's command of a style popular in the best sense and worthy of emulation.

The fresh appearance of the 'Ingoldsby Legends' (John Lane)—for the first we must revert to 1840—has for occasion the illustrations of Mr. Herbert Cole, whose face, we take it, in cap and bells, looks out at us from the headpiece to the list of his designs. They are spirited pen-and-ink sketches of considerable range and not infrequent decorative quality, and cooperate valiantly with the bright covers to make the volume attractive to all who plunge again or newly into the time-honored humor of the Legends.

The Dent-Macmillan reproduction of Thackeray's Prose Works, under Walter Jerrold's supervision, proceeds with 'The Virginians,' which require three of the modest olive-green volumes. Mr. Brock's illustrations, some in sanguine, are effective, and there is a photoprint after Marochetti's bust of the author in Westminster Abbey.

Companionable to the feel and not dissimilar in outward appearance, with flexible green leather covers, are Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus: Heroes: Past and Present' (Scribners), and Tennyson's Poetical Works (Thomas Nelson & Sons), each again with its portrait, but Carlyle's early, after Lawrence's portrait, and the photograph of Tennyson in his latter days. The Carlyle is more condensed in the letter-press, and if the paper is thin in both cases it does not affect the legibility, and does make for the comfort of the hand in holding.

'The Social Comedy' (*Life* Publishing Company) is one more collection from that paper's inexhaustible store of social pictorial satire. Cynical much of it is; little of it that is not bright; occasionally a dash of coarseness. The average drawing is high, and as the majority of the designs are in wash, a more harmonious if a thinner quarto would have resulted from excluding most if not all of the pen sketches.

Volumes xix. and xx. of Prof. de Sumichrast's translation of Théophile Gautier (George D. Sproul), concluding 'Le Capitaine Fracasse,' and adding 'Tableaux de Siège,' show the same care as their predecessors in the collection. In the case of the latter we would recommend to our readers the introduction explaining the circumstances that called forth its striking pictures. Both volumes are, as before, pleasingly illustrated. The almost simultaneous publication of a new translation of Gautier's 'Voyage en Italie,' by Mr. D. B. Vermilye (Brentano's), affords the opportunity for an interesting comparison with one of Prof. de Sumichrast's earlier volumes. On the ground of literalness there is little to choose between these two versions; differences or omissions in either case may possibly be accounted for by referring to divergences in original editions; but Prof. de Sumichrast certainly shows, in a number of important passages, a much more idiomatic precision in regard to equivalences of diction and construction. His translation moves with easier and lighter speed.

Mr. Henry H. Bonnell's cumbrously titled 'Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Jane Austen: Studies in their Works' (Longmans) is a pedestrian but not uninforming work. There is nothing notably new between its covers; the style is uneven, and at best lacks distinction; the original criticism is disjointed, and quite devoid of the vital, discriminative insight which is the chief source of pleasure and profit in critical writing. Yet Mr. Bonnell has read widely and with enthusiastic sympathy. He has contrived to weave a web of quotations from the three woman novelists and their critics, held in form by a binding of personal comment, which is likely to prove instructive to readers who are beginning to take their fiction seriously. The author is disposed to think that the order of names on his title-page represents a descending order of merit. He makes the astonishing remark that his consideration of Jane Austen is "offered as a dessert after the more solid courses which have preceded."

'How to Attract the Birds,' by Neltje Blanchan (Doubleday, Page & Co.), contains much information about our common Eastern birds, and gives an interesting presentation of certain conclusions of investigators who are seeking the philosophy of some of the ordinary phenomena of bird life. It is in the main an excellent compilation and will be valuable to the general student, for it has freshness of treatment, yet is free from the burdensome details of first-hand knowledge. It would be pleasanter reading, however, if the author had coördinated her matter a little more carefully, leaving out the sub-headings that confront one at the beginning of paragraph groups. The first chapter tells how to invite birds to live near our homes by offering nesting sites, water, and attractive food-plants. Other chapters treat of nest-building, rearing the young, migration, the philosophy of coloration, and the value of the birds' work as destroyers of harmful plants and insects. There is also a good account of some naturalized foreign birds. The author has made careful use of the literature of her subject, especially of Mr. Thayer's articles on coloration, Mr. Olds's on bird songs, and the publications from the Department of Agriculture on economic ornithology. If Professor Cook's forthcoming work on migration had been available, the chapter on that subject might have been enriched.

One may not learn anatomy from textbooks alone, but the printed and illustrated page retains for study what the scalpel reveals. The latest and perhaps the best of these aids is a 'Text-Book of Anatomy,' edited by D. J. Cunningham, F.R.S., and of many academic degrees (Macmillan). It is very copiously illustrated from original drawings, many colored, 824 in all. A large number of these represent soft tissues hardened by the formalin process, and are more accurate than those in the older style. The text rests on the doctrine that "a more or less close or remote blood-relationship links together all the members of the animal kingdom," and represents the very latest teaching in embryology and ontogeny, which lightens the dry details of anatomy proper.

The ninth volume of Cohen's 'System of Physiologic Therapeutics' (Philadelphia: Blakiston) is devoted to the therapeutic influences of heat, natural and artificial light, and water—or, more properly, waters—administered within and without, by Drs. Winternitz of Vienna and Kisch of Prague, with complementary chapters by competent Americans. It is eminently practical, is excellently written, and is a complete and trustworthy treatise. Dr. Eshner's translation is most acceptable, the American chapters are well written, and the whole book is heartily to be commended as readable and serviceable.

The twelfth annual issue of indispensable *Minerva* (Strassburg: Karl J. Trübner; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) is much enlarged, as one may see by comparing solely the table of contents for the United States as compared with last year's measure. Especially to be remarked are the exhibition of the Senate of the University of London, with the new affiliation of Westfield College; and the constitution of the new British Academy, with list of members. In the table of student statistics, the University of New York ranks nine in point of attendance, with 4,499, standing next after Moscow. The frontispiece is an etched portrait of Léopold Delisle, General Director of the National Library in Paris, whose half-century of service with that institution has just been celebrated.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for December opens with a study, by Prof. I. C. Russell, of the various observations of the volcanic eruptions on Martinique and St. Vincent. Among the topics treated are the number of active craters, the variation in the eruptions, their products, the causes of death and the downward volcanic blasts. Some idea of the enormity of the mass ejected may be obtained from the statement that "during each hour that Mont Pelée or La Soufrière was in full blast, something like 48,000,000,000 cubic feet of dust- and stone-laden steam were driven out." Prof. Russell's conclusion is that "perhaps the chief lesson taught by the recent volcanic eruptions in the Antilles is the meagreness of our knowledge concerning the interior of the earth"; and in order to make a substantial addition to this knowledge he advocates the maintenance at Washington of a magnetic and seismo-

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graphic observatory. Dr. E. O. Hovey describes the eruptions of La Soufrière as observed by him in May. Mr. W. A. Miller tells how to obtain a copyright of a map or chart. To the note chronicling the recent placing of the remains of Columbus in the mausoleum in the cathedral at Seville should have been added, that there is almost conclusive evidence that the sarcophagus which the Spaniards carried to Havana from Santo Domingo in 1795, and from thence to Spain at the close of the late war, contained, not the remains of the great discoverer, but of his son Diego.

Calendars for 1903 are now almost at the flood. That denominated "The Child," in six sheets strung together, each with a color design of generous size (Philadelphia: Charles W. Beck, jr.), need not fear rivalry. It is hard to say whether Jessie Willcox Smith or Elizabeth Shippen Green, who collaborate artistically, bears away the palm; let the nursery decide. Miss Green furnishes the one humorous plate, assimilating a little tot to the toadstools about her. Miss Mildred Howells's "Whist Calendar," in twelve sheets (Boston: Noyes, Platt & Co.), is, for the text, a collection of rules and witty sayings about whist, in which Miss Howells finds the suggestion for a colored picture in the old style, as in the case of Talleyrand, Napoleon, Pickwick. This calendar will amuse and instruct. From E. P. Dutton & Co. we receive a "Book-Plate Zodiac Calendar," in black and white, designed by Elizabeth R. Finley, not very happily; "Three Little Girl Sketches," drawn on stone by Sewell Collins; and sundry English specimens in the well-known styles of the London house of Ernest Nister, such as the "Fra Angelico Calendar," illuminated after the master; the "Venetian Calendar," six colored scenes; the little "Dutch Tile Calendar," very dainty in blue; "Wise Saws," also for children (proverbs illustrated); "Roses," "Gems of the Season" (floral), "Sweet Memories" (for lovers), these of large size, and finally the Madonna della Sedia, flanked by Fra Angelico's angels, with the calendar proper suspended by ribbon. These make a good average of excellence.

In connection with the foregoing we may fitly mention the volume of nearly 450 pages entitled 'Every Day in the Year: A Poetical Epitome of the World's History,' edited by James L. and Mary K. Ford (Dodd, Mead & Co.)—not a mere anthology, we are warned in the preface. To sample at random, we select January 21 (Thackeray's "Execution of Louis XVI."), noting by the way an error of "January 2" for "21" in the event item; January 22 (Theodosia Garrison's "God Save the King," on Edward VII.'s accession; Edward Lear's and George T. Lanigan's humorous "Akond of Swat"; Ben Jonson's "On Lord Bacon's Birthday"; and Byron's "On My Thirty-seventh Birthday"). February 22 gives us two poems on Washington's birthday, and one on Bill Nye's. So we might proceed to demonstrate the queer juxtapositions. The collection, in spite of this and of some padding with trivial events and verse, will have its use and its admirers. There is an index of first lines, another of titles, and a third of poets; we miss one of the persons celebrated.

—Francis H. Nichols, the author of 'Through Hidden Shensi,' contributes to the December *Atlantic* a strong paper on the Chinese dislike of Christianity. This is not, he shows, merely one phase of a national repugnance towards foreign religion as foreign. Buddhism and, later, Mohammedanism made their way to widespread favor in China, though both of foreign origin. The real reason for the discrimination lies in the failure of the advocates of Christianity to understand and appreciate the Chinese point of view. The missionary wrongly condemns Chinese life *in toto* as heathenish and bad, and practically demands the denationalization of the Chinaman as a condition of his acceptance in the Christian fold. Mr. Nichols criticises merely the mistakes of method, not the fundamental aim of the missionaries, and holds that the great need of China to-day is the general acceptance of Christianity. "Less talk about a missionary spirit and more of the spirit of Christ in mission work" is the best ground of hope for such a result. Ambrose P. Winston writes of the Trade Union and the Superior Workman, combating without entire success the idea that unionism harms the cause of labor by its efforts to limit the amount of work done by the individual laborer, and to prevent any system of pay by which the superior workman may increase his earnings through his superiority. George Chamberlain describes present conditions in Brazil, calling particular attention to the feeling against the United States aroused by the Spanish-American war and our insignificant share in Brazilian trade. Woodrow Wilson's address on the "Ideals of America," delivered on the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Trenton, is published in full.

—The appearance of Lowell's anti-slavery papers calls forth from a writer in the *Atlantic* some remarks on Lowell as a man of temperament. While due credit is given for a great variety of separate literary virtues, such as fervor, vivacity, gaiety, flash of epigram, opulence of interests and sympathies, range of illustration, abundance of allusion, and fecundity of ideas, the quality of moral unity in his nature is specifically denied. Such a denial can hardly be maintained on a comprehensive view of the man and his work. It may be admitted that his writing does not show "the weighty advance of massed forces, the surging movement that seems inevitable, the flow, unstudied and irresistible, of great prose, such as Raleigh's and Bunyan's, or Milton's and Burke's, at their height"; but credit for moral unity of nature can scarcely be withheld on the ground of failure to rise to the grand movement of a Burke or a Milton. The real test for moral unity is not in the choice of the light or the heavy missile, but in the constancy of aim; and, judged by an intelligent application of this test, Lowell will hardly be found wanting. Epigrams are no doubt a dangerous temptation to irrelevancy, self-contradiction, mere smartness, and many other evils, but Quintilian tells us that they are useful "dum rem contineant"; and it is not often that the flashes from Lowell's pen fail to throw light upon the point at issue. Formal philosophical reasoning was not in his line, but a study of his life-work, literary and otherwise, shows that it was grounded upon definitely conceived principles. The ups and downs were but ripples upon the surface; the stream went steadily on in its appointed way, and the careful eye need never be at a loss to determine its direction.

—One of the most stately publications of the present season is the seven-volume 'Variorum and Definitive Edition of the Poetical and Prose Writings of Edward FitzGerald, including a Complete Bibliography and interesting Personal and Literary Notes: the whole collected and arranged by George Bentham, with a Preface by Edmund Gosse' (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Only the first three volumes have come to hand; and while they do not wholly disclose the richness of the contents, they sufficiently illustrate the method of this compilation. From the "prose writings," it must be said at once, the Letters, which far outweigh in value all FitzGerald's other prose, are excluded, save that permission has been obtained to make extracts from them bearing upon the successive works here reproduced edition after edition. In place of the scholarly mode of variorum exhibition in parallel columns, we have here in volume i., for example, the 'Rubáiyát' of Omar Khayyám, first edition; in volume ii., the same, second edition; in volume iii., the same, fourth edition, and fifth edition (so nearly identical with the third that the latter is not reproduced textually). *Pari passu* with the Quatrains we have the several issues of 'Saláman and Absál,' of 'Euphranor' and 'Agamemnon.' The Spanish transfusions will fill the next two volumes, with 'Polonius' thrown in; the sixth comprises 'Sea Words and Phrases along the Suffolk Coast,' 'The Bird-Parliament,' and the 'Oedipus,' while the seventh is filled with a miscellany embracing a translation from Petrarch, the introduction to 'Readings in Crabbe,' the Memoir of Bernard Barton, etc. The original title-pages are given in facsimile. The variorum and bibliographical notes are accommodated at the foot of the page. The original pagination is indicated in the margin. In short, with a few accessories, what is aimed at here is to endow the purchaser of the set with FitzGerald's publications in their several stages. The sumptuousness of the form, however, adds something to the manual labor of comparison, which must still be (for contents of the first three) volume by volume.

—Little remains to be said except in praise of the typography, presswork, and handmade paper, which have the clear and generous quality of the De Vinne Press, beginning with the well-designed, rubricated title-page. Flaws like the inconsistency of accents on pp. xvii., xviii. of volume i. (Attar, Attár) are rare; but in our copy of volume iii. there is an unaccountable mixture after page 108. This page is followed by two leaves containing prefatory extracts relating to 'Euphranor' (folio xi., though how related to any previous Roman enumeration is not perceptible), breaking off unfinished and not continued on the verso, which duplicates page 102 of the preceding 'Salámán'; the third page likewise duplicates page 103; the fourth page of this insert is blank. Mr. Gosse's brief introduction exemplifies the difficulty of saying anything new about FitzGerald, and, in fact, the only novelty we have observed in it is the sample of the Latin translation in which FitzGerald first showed the influence of Omar; but this cannot be novel to the wor-

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shippers of Old Fitz. They will need no further account of this edition, *simplex munditiis*, to be moved to procure it straightway. They may re-read, with what reflections seem pertinent, the author's modest words to Cowell nearly half a century ago: "I hardly know why I print any of these things, which nobody buys; and I scarce now see the few I give them to. But when one has done one's best, and is sure that best is better than so many will take pains to do, though far from the best that *might* be done, one likes to make an end of the matter by Print."

—Mr. Gustav Kruell's Beethoven might have seemed to any engraver an accounting in full for a year's labor; but this artist's facility is bounded only by his interest in his theme, and he has followed directly on the heels of that masterpiece with another, a head of Jefferson. This is the third of our Presidents (reckoning already Lincoln, in two phases, and Grant) whom Mr. Kruell has celebrated in his grand manner, and, as usual, a comparison of the technique of these classical examples, from one hand, of the highest attainment in wood-engraving offers a most interesting study. A growth in free handling is manifest, but always the treatment is subdued to the character illustrated. The basis of the present work is Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Jefferson in the possession of Bowdoin College, but with the customary divination which our engraver has the secret of applying to his models. In color and in brushlike quality this plate belongs with his later productions, and for the first time he has introduced an accessory, in the shape of a column in the background, which both balances the composition and connotes the statesman. The print, on Japan paper, is to be seen at Wunderlich's, in this city, and may be had of Mr. Kruell, at No. 331 Main Street, East Orange, N. J.

POLLARD'S HENRY THE EIGHTH.

Henry VIII. By A. F. Pollard, M.A. London: Goupil & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

"Fine feathers make fine birds," but Mr. Pollard's 'Henry VIII' has other titles to favor besides the brilliancy of its plumage. Like the previous volumes of this series which the Messrs. Goupil are devoting to the sovereigns of England, it is magnificently printed, and abounds with well-executed photogravures of quarto size. At the same time it is the work of a sound historian and an accomplished essayist. Although Mr. Pollard has for his predecessors Mr. Andrew Lang, the late S. R. Gardiner, and Dr. Osmund Airy, he is by no means eclipsed. He gives us history and not letterpress, a striking portrait and not a miscellany of facts.

Before coming to the text, we shall say a word or two about the illustrations. What Vandyck was to the court of Charles I., that, and in our opinion more, Holbein was to the court of Henry VIII. There is therefore no dearth of subjects, and the galleries of England have been thrown open freely to Mr. Pollard. Out of forty-four illustrations, eleven are reproduced through permission of the King, while the treasures of ducal collections are disclosed with equal liberality. Every one who has had the good fortune to go through the private apartments at Windsor will remember how rich they are in the best examples of Holbein's brush and pencil. From such sources as this and the Duke of Norfolk's gallery, Mr. Pollard has been able to draw, apparently at will. Indeed, the wealth of artistic material which England affords has placed a certain restriction upon his choice of subjects. The Leo X. of Raphael, the Charles V. of Titian, the Erasmus of Holbein himself, are excluded from a work into which they might easily have been brought but for excess of riches. In their place we get such native types as Henry, Sir Thomas More, Thomas Cromwell, Thomas Howard, and the young Edward VI., all by Holbein; and where recourse is had to the Continent, it is simply for the sake of depicting some one, like Cristina of Denmark, who might have become an English Queen, and of whom there is also a very fine portrait. We do not see how Mr. Pollard's selections could be improved; nevertheless, one cause of regret suggests itself. Holbein did not paint all the people who must be represented in an illustrated life of Henry VIII., and some of those whom he did paint best, fall below the due standard of historical importance. For this reason we get a bevy of Queens by inferior artists, and are not led to realize how many of Holbein's masterpieces were done in England.

A new life of Henry VIII. at once recalls Froude's 'History,' Brewer's prefaces to the first four volumes of the 'Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.,' and Mr. James Gairdner's article in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' In point of opportunity, Mr. Pollard has the advantage of all these predecessors. Not only does he stand upon their shoulders, but the scope and design of his book favor a more direct appeal to the average reader. Froude's glorification of Henry is simply one ingredient, however important, in a long and anti-sacerdotal history. Brewer's prefaces are attached to a series of original documents which none but professional students open. Mr. Gairdner's admirable and learned sketch is conformed to the strict requirements of a biographical encyclopædia which embraces seventy-three volumes. On the other hand, Mr. Pollard writes for an audience that is well educated but does not care to wade through an ocean of technical details. To have explored the latest sources is with him a preliminary and not a final step. His proper function he finds in the delineation of character and in the statement of broad results. Unlike Froude, he does not thrive on paradox; unlike Brewer and Gairdner, he is not handicapped by erudition. He has a fine theme, and he knows how to treat it within reasonable compass.

Most of us have been led by our constitutional studies to look upon Edward the First as the greatest of English kings, but Mr. Pollard does not hesitate to style Henry VIII. "the most remarkable man who ever sat on the English throne." It may be urged with some force that "remarkable" is a vague and colorless word which commits the writer to no verdict regarding virtue or capacity. However this may be, the careful reader will soon perceive that Mr. Pollard feels deep admiration for Henry's power and strength of purpose. He is not a worshipper of brute force, nor does he seek to ferret out extenuating circumstances whenever a queen, a cardinal, or a minister is sent to the block. He leaves Henry a supreme but astute egotist, whose vigorous despotism carried England through the crisis of the Reformation with much success. And furthermore he makes the English nation the ready accomplice, not the passive victim, of its king.

To explain the cheerfulness with which the masses followed in the steps of their sovereign, even though the path led them to the foot of many a scaffold, Mr. Pollard adduces several reasons. In the first place, it was well recognized that Henry's life was the only safeguard against civil war. The crude alternative of despotism or anarchy was presented to a generation that had not yet forgotten the Wars of the Roses. The King's legitimate offspring, and they alone, could wear the crown of England without involving the realm in another series of bloody campaigns and ruthless proscriptions. Hence arose the national anxiety over the question of royal wedlock. Secondly, Henry was a ruler of magnificent strength and presence, proficient in all sports and manly exercises. Here Mr. Pollard can use an illustration which is so modern and so apropos that it almost sounds like an *argumentum ad hominem:*

"In archery, in wrestling, in joust, and in tourney, as well as in the tennis court or on the hunting-field, Henry was a match for the best in his kingdom. None could draw a bow, tame a steed, or shiver a lance more deftly than he, and his single-handed tournaments on horse and foot with his brother-in-law, the Duke of Suffolk, are likened by one who watched them to the combats of Achilles and Hector. These are no mere trifles below the dignity of history: they help to explain the extraordinary hold Henry obtained over popular imagination. Suppose there ascended the throne to-day a young prince, the hero of the athletic world, the finest oar, the best bat, the crack marksman of his day, it is easy to imagine the enthusiastic support he would receive from thousands of his people who care much for sport and nothing at all for politics. Suppose, also, that that prince were endowed with the iron will, the instinctive insight into the hearts of his people, the profound aptitude for government that Henry VIII. displayed, he would be a rash man who would guarantee even now the integrity of parliamentary power or the continuance of cabinet rule."

Finally, Mr. Pollard asks us to remember when we are considering the relations of Henry VIII. and his subjects, that the English of the sixteenth century were both hard-hearted and mercenary:

"Their prevailing characteristics," he says, "were a passion for material prosperity, and an absolute indifference to human suffering. . . . There is no sign that the hideous tortures inflicted on men condemned for treason, or the equally horrible sufferings of heretics burnt at the stake, excited the least qualm of compassion in the breast of the multitude: the Act of Six Articles seems to have been a highly popular measure, and the multiplication of treasons evoked no national protest."

Once more, as in the days of Henry I., we see a tacit alliance between king and people against those who would disturb the public peace by their intrigues and opposition to the crown. How, indeed, could any one talk of tyranny when every measure of the least importance received the express sanction of Parliament?

In his analysis of Henry's career and

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policy Mr. Pollard evolves a very interesting formula:

"His reign, like his character, seems to be divided into two inconsistent halves. In 1519 his rule is pronounced more suave and gentle than the greatest liberty anywhere else: twenty years later, terror is said to reign supreme. It is tempting to sum up his life in one sweeping generalization, and to say that it exhibits a continuous development of Henry's intellect and deterioration of his character."

The chief thing which can be urged against this neat and antithetical epitome is the improvement of the King's morals in his last years, and his corresponding profession of higher aims. During the middle part of his life he was at no pains to make such general professions of good intent as are contained in the royal speech of 1545, yet his power had not declined, nor did he need to conciliate popular favor. Mr. Pollard is free from the prejudices of a partisan, and his estimate of Henry's character will carry weight. An intelligent egotist may possess many political virtues, and with a fair share of these Henry VIII. must needs be credited. As to one point, at least, we have little doubt. Mr. Pollard's book is likely to strengthen the general belief in Henry's ability. No politician was ever less a doctrinaire at the outset, but in the end he proved himself able to grasp the bearings of a general principle. His insight deepened with his years, and experience begot clarity of view. No one after Wolsey's fall became in a true sense his minister. Cromwell and Norfolk were useful assistants, but they were hardly more. Among other political accomplishments the King learned how to keep his own counsel. When Sir Henry Wotton went to Italy, Alberto Scipione, an old Roman courtier, gave him for counsel the saying, *Pensieri stretti ed il viso sciolto*. This Machiavellian proverb Henry VIII. had learned before him. From a boy he had been known for his hearty manner. In later years he seemed open, but remained close. He became one who would burn his cap rather than it should know his secrets. The development of such a trait may not be a sign of increasing amiability, but it bears witness to a growing interest in statecraft.

Mr. Pollard, when depicting Henry's attitude towards those ecclesiastical questions which were the chief problem of his time, portrays him as the great Erastian of the Reformation, as an Erastian before Erastus. The truth of this opinion is, we should think, indisputable, for the Act of Supremacy can bear no other interpretation. Accordingly, we shall not discuss the point, but there is one matter connected with it which we must pause to notice. During the sixteenth century two motives were conspicuously strong in the public life of Western Europe. The one was the love of religious truth (or, perhaps, we should say, of dogmatic orthodoxy); the other was worship of the state. It happened inevitably that these two forces were brought into the most acute conflict. The contest of Church and State assumed a new form, but it was no less acute than it had been in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. As a result of this antagonism, more than one country wavered and was lost. At the best it settled a doubtful issue only by the horrors of civil war.

Where others suffered, England obviously escaped. According to the view of all but Catholics, she took the right side, and the breach with Rome cost her no more than the price of individual executions, which were, on the whole, so few as to be called inconsiderable. England, likewise, appears to have been the most Machiavellian of European states at this crisis. As Mr. Pollard says, Englishmen in the reign of Henry VIII. "were dominated by the idea that the State was the be-all and end-all of human existence. It supplied an excuse to despots and an inspiration to noble minds." Under such conditions, "the devotion paid to the State made expediency, and not justice or morality, the supreme test of public acts. . . . Traitors were not executed because they were immoral, but because they were dangerous." And as a result, "the nation purchased political salvation at the price of moral debasement: the individual was sacrificed on the altar of the State."

Here, at last, we come to Mr. Pollard's estimate of Henry VIII. and to the conclusion of a most able book. The King who carried England through the crisis of the Reformation and thus shaped her destinies to the present day, was above all else a self-seeker. He perceived the popular indifference to politics and the popular craving for a commercial success that could be secured only by domestic peace. With this as his main source of strength he made himself a tyrant, "and despotic power developed in him features, the repulsiveness of which cannot be concealed by the most exquisite art appealing to the most deep-rooted prejudice." He sought the greatness of England, and labored for it earnestly, but with no ethical purpose, and simply because he himself wished to be great. This is not altogether a pleasing picture; "yet it is probable that Henry's personal influence and personal action averted greater evils than those they provoked." He saved England from such a calamity as the French wars of religion, and, unless the history of the nation has all been a mistake since 1529, he did well to take the side of Protestantism.

Why the good deeds of St. Louis worked out badly and the bad deeds of Henry VIII. worked out well, we shall leave it for the theologians to determine.

WOODBERRY'S HAWTHORNE.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. By George E. Woodberry. (American Men of Letters.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

There is something of the marvellous about a man distinguished from the common by a rare and beautiful imagination. People are always wanting to have the wonderful faculty explained by establishment of relationship between it and the man's character, with a probable theory of its development through the conditions and circumstances of his life. No man more than Hawthorne has excited this sort of curiosity, and by none has it been more completely baffled. His personality was so vague, so almost imponderable, and his imagination so resplendent, that any attempt to explain the greater by the less is foredoomed to failure. His latest biographer, Mr. Woodberry, has not made the attempt, but, on the contrary, has emphasized a disparity between the man and his genius, and has rather taken the view that his imaginative faculty was not developed, or indeed perceptibly affected, by the actual living of life. Most biographers have looked at Hawthorne through a film; but, before beginning his work, Mr. Woodberry appears to have brushed the cobwebs from his brain and so regarded his subject in the cool light of reason—intellectually, not imaginatively. The result is a readable and valuable book, admirably arranged, and infused with a critical spirit which seems to us rather severe as regards the man, and clear, firm, yet not dogmatic, as regards his work.

The author is largely permitted to tell his own story, to reveal himself through his letters, note-books, and those passages of his tales that are unquestionably autobiographical. This is the best, indeed the only, way to give the personality of Hawthorne solidity or even tangibility. His external life was so slight in outline, so free from human complications, so scantily involved with the work, the pleasure or the pain of other men, that it offers no help for the incarnation of his exquisite genius. And, left so liberally in his own hands, the union of flesh and spirit is not seen to be quite perfect. There is always a shy, unpretentious, honest man separated from his kind by no fault or desire of his own, but by the will of an inexorable genius, from whose thraldom he could never long escape, and to which, after every period of liberty, he was doomed to return.

Mr. Woodberry is so conscious of this separation that he dwells upon the detachment of Hawthorne's imagination from his life and character, and says that he "left himself out of his work as much as any man can." It is true that he left out the self of the Boston wharves, of the Salem Custom House, of the Liverpool consulship, even of Brook Farm. These incongruous practical activities, this living of life, had indeed no sort of effect on his imagination, almost no reflection in his imaginative work. But the self—not simply his own individuality, the self compounded of two centuries of Puritan ancestors—enters largely into his work. He had, as Mr. Woodberry shows, so small a claim to individuality independent of antecedents that he was as a bond-slave to the Puritan idea, the Puritan principle of being. To quote Mr. Woodberry:

"He took practically no interest in life except as seen under its moral aspects as a life of the soul, and this absorption in the moral sphere was due to his being a child of New England. It was his inheritance from Puritanism. What distinguished Puritan life and the people who grew up under its influences was an intense self-consciousness of life in the soul—in a word, spirituality of life; and Hawthorne, as he came to find himself in his growth, disclosed one form of this spirituality both reflectively and imaginatively in his writings, the form that lived in him."

Approaching him imaginatively (as Mr. Woodberry does not), it is quite easy to believe that from his birth he was under what Spiritualists call the "control" of his "grave, bearded, sable-cloaked, and steeple-crowned progenitors." Hawthorne thought these gentry would have disapproved of him and his idle vocation of tale-telling; on the contrary, one can believe that they came in force to his christening, dowering him with their all-important conscience, their poverty of human sympathy, and substituting for

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their impulse towards physical adventure an imagination perfectly fitted to celebrate them and ensure their earthly immortality. Without hinting at the fascinating notion of direct ancestral intervention, Hawthorne is often dimly aware and resentful of some controlling influence obstructing freedom of action. Referring, in a letter to Longfellow, to his long "accursed solitude" in the chamber under the eaves, he deplores having been carried apart from the main current of life by "some witchcraft or other." It was during these years of almost involuntary self-immolation that the ancestors identified him with themselves, that he became more intimately at home with them, their history, manners, customs, beliefs and thoughts, than he ever did with living men.

During that period the work he was to do and the way it was to be done were determined. He was to immortalize the Puritan, to express his great preoccupation with sin, especially secret sin implacably ravaging the soul; and also his superstitions, his strange childish concern about witches and dooms and hereditary curses wreaking vengeance for wrong upon innocent generations. This was to be done in a form of romantic fiction in which the outward and visible are but signs of the inward and invisible, and the particular person, incident, or object a concrete symbol of a universal, abstract, moral condition.

In the chapter entitled "The Old Manse" Mr. Woodberry's analysis of his author's temperament and art is an admirable bit of criticism. His reflections on racial and local influences are especially suggestive Admitting, for instance, the provinciality of many of the tales, he limits it to the manner, for the following interesting reasons:

"He escapes from provincialism in the substance because he was a New Englander, not in spite of that fact; for the spirituality which is the central fact of New England life itself escapes from provincialism, being a pure expression of that Christianity in which alone true cosmopolitanism is found, of that faith which presents mankind as one and indivisible. Hence arises in Hawthorne a second distinctly Puritan trait, his democracy. He looks only at the soul; all outward distinctions of rank and place, fortune, pride, poverty, disappear as unconcerning things; he sees all men in the light of the judgment day."

Besides being true as regards Hawthorne, this passage is almost exciting as a declaration of faith from a son of New England. But Mr. Woodberry is consistently loyal, and all he says about Hawthorne as a New Englander and about the special appeal of his work to New Englanders is sympathetic and affectionate. No one, we think, who is not deeply concerned about the fair fame of New England can quite agree with his remarks on 'The Scarlet Letter.' Hawthorne, he says, has not here given an historical view of New England; though the tale has its roots in Puritanism, it is only incidentally a New England tale; also, it is a relentless tale, without mercy or hope, without Christ, and therefore describing only a half-truth about Puritanism, and that the darker half. To believe that there was much light, love, and mercy in the Puritans is perhaps a triumph of family pride over evidence. To the moral universality of Hawthorne's great romance ample justice is done, but there is not, we think, adequate toll paid to its extraordinary beauty and the perfection of its execution. "The Scarlet Letter," says Mr. Henry James, "has the beauty and harmony of all original and complete conceptions, and its weaker spots, whatever they are, are not of its essence. One can often return to it; it supports familiarity, and has the inexhaustible charm and mystery of all great works of art." Great works of art inevitably suggest enduring existence; to us 'The Scarlet Letter' seems absolutely imperishable.

Some amend for this coolness towards 'The Scarlet Letter' is made in the appreciation of the romance known both as 'Transformation' and as 'The Marble Faun,' which, Mr. Woodberry thinks, has "greater breadth, finer beauty, and more profound mystery than the American tales." Grace and beauty we perceive in it, but to us it is not comparable with "The Scarlet Letter' for unity of design, for force of impression, for dignity and simplicity. In fact, it never seems to us a masterpiece.' In spite of his admiration, however, Mr. Woodberry detects the central weakness. His concluding remarks on the romance are worth quoting, both for the substance and the expression:

"One wishes that if he [Donatello] were to have a soul, he might have come into it in some way of natural kindness dissociated from a moral theory. The theory—and here is the one discord—is, after all, felt to be an exotic in the Italian air. . . . It is the same wherever the story is taken up; it is charming as an artistic work, but when we begin to think about it, the method of approach is proved to be wrong, because it solves nothing and ends in futility. It is throughout a Puritan romance which has wandered about and clothed itself in strange masquerade in the Italian air. Hawthorne's personality pervades it, like life in a sensitive hand. It is the best and fullest and most intimate expression of his temperament, of the man he had come to be, and takes the imprint of his soul with minute delicacy and truth. It is a meditation on sin, but so made gracious with beauty as to lose the deformity of its theme; and it suffers a metamorphosis into a thing of loveliness. To us it is in boyhood our dreams of Italy, and in after years the best companion of memory; it is also a romance of nature and art, and of the mystery of evil, shot through with such sunshine gleams, with the presence of pure color and divine forms, as to seem like the creations of the old mythic Mediterranean world, which, though it hold shapes of terror, was the most beautiful land that the imagination has ever known."

RECENT POETRY.

One of the most curious revivals in recent literary history has been that of the short-lived fame of the late William Ellery Channing, commonly known as Ellery Channing to distinguish him from his more famous uncle of the same name; the nephew being Emerson's friend and Hawthorne's biographer, who has lately died in Concord, Mass., at the age of eighty-three. An admirably printed volume (Philadelphia and Concord: James H. Bentley), bears on the title-page 'Poems of Sixty-five Years, by Ellery Channing, selected and edited by F. B. Sanborn.' The editor speaks simply and touchingly, on the first page, of "the short biography which so secluded a poet must need in coming before the grandchildren of those who first welcomed his verses in the year 1840." Those grandchildren who assume, like other young people, that fame comes at once or never, will be amazed in turning these pages at the strength, the beauty, the grace, the keen sympathy with nature and with the human heart that will be found in the poems of this last of the Transcendentalists. Thoreau's rare qualities long escaped observation, and Channing is too closely linked and allied with Thoreau for him not to share, perhaps, in the same tardy recognition. How many living American poets at any rate could put into fifteen lines such depths and such cadences as in these (p. 168)?

TO-MORROW AND TO-MORROW AND TO-MORROW.

To-morrow comes? dost say, my Friend, "To-morrow?"
Far down below those pines the sunset flings,
Long arching o'er, its lines of ruddy light;
And the wind murmurs little harmonies,
And underneath their wings the tender birds
Droop their averted heads—silent their songs.

But not a word whispers the moaning wind—
Nor when in faint array the primal stars
Trail with the banners of the unfurled Night;
Nor even when the low-hung moon just glints,
And faintly, with few touches, sears the wood;
Not there, not then, doth Nature idly say,
Nor whisper idly of another day;
That other morn itself its morrow is;
That other day shall see no shade of this.

In 'Captain Craig: A Book of Poems,' by Edwin Arlington Robinson (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), we have the latest work of one of the most promising of our younger poets—one who, like so many persons gifted in the same way, has not yet mastered his own powers and has to follow his muse for a time, not direct it. His very singleness of mind sometimes defeats itself and leaves his meaning unconveyed. Obscure he may be and has a right to be, for his thoughts are always worth consideration, but it must be frankly owned that he sometimes draws near the unintelligible. He brings marvellous color and music into his verse when at his highest point; yet, like Browning, he loses himself and his readers in regions of abstract thought. But he has a nature innately candid, has no desire to pose, and has been perhaps mainly embarrassed by working too much alone. It may be well for him that his surface has not suavity enough. If he said things with more uniform melody, he might be more easily flattered and perverted. A young poet needs some inaccessible domain of even rudeness to which he may retreat to assert himself. This book is likely to be passed unnoticed by all indolent readers, and with impatience by those a little more careful; but those more careful still will revert to it again and again, and wish health, fortune, and encouragement and still farther development to one who could write it. There is not a trivial or meaningless thing in it; and when there is obscurity, it is often like that of Emily Dickinson when she pieces your curiosity through half a dozen readings and suddenly makes all clear. Such a song ends at last, as this volume does, with a note of triumph (p. 169):

TWILIGHT SONG.

Through the shine, through the rain
We have shared the day's load;
To the old march again
We have tramped the long road;
We have laughed, we have cried,
And we've tossed the King's crown;
We have fought, we have died,
And we've trod the day down.
So it's lift the old song
Ere the night flies again,
Where the road leads along
Through the shine, through the rain.

. . . . . .

Through the shine, through the rain,
We have wrought the day's quest;
To the old march again
We have earned the day's rest;
We have laughed, we have cried,
And we've heard the King's groans;
We have fought, we have died,
And we've burned the King's bones.
And we lift the old song
Ere the night flies again,
Where the road leads along
Through the shine, through the rain.

We have long since called attention to

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the meditative and eminently original poems of "Owen Innsley" (Miss Lucy W. Jennison), and it is pleasant to meet again her name on a title-page; the book in this case being 'Love Songs and Other Poems' (The Grafton Press). This volume contains, not merely thoughtful and melodious English poems, but also songs in German, French, and Italian, besides many translations ranging from the Spanish to the Russian and modern Greek. We extract this inscription of the book to the mother of the poet:

DEDICATION.

Mov'st thou, perchance, in strange and starry spheres
Afar, beyond the impenetrable night
That shrouds the tomb, smiling at the old fears
Of death, encircled by all-conquering light?
Or dost thou sleep where thy last bed was made,
Beneath the violets and the scented grass,
Careless alike of sunshine and of shade,
Of morns that linger and of eves that pass?

Ah! who shall say? No eye can pierce the dark,
No strained ear tidings catch of weal or woe
Out of the silence; and no single spark
Illumes that portal through which all must go.
Yet this we know: Death is a kind of birth,
And brings one sacred immortality;
Thou livest in thy traces left on earth;
Thou livest in thy children's memory.

'The Call of the Sea, and Other Poems,' by L. Frank Tooker (The Century Co.), is one of the many volumes justly dedicated to Mr. Stedman by grateful young poets, and is one of those few, moreover, in which the very finest poem is judiciously placed first (p. 3):

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

Day and night I have heard it: "Arise and come
to thine own!
The surf is loud on the shore, and the spume
is white in the gale,
This is the rapture of living. Oh, how can the
land atone
For the loss of the vibrant shrouds and the
joy of the slanting sail?

"Follow, then, follow the free wind over the waste
of gray!
The sweep of the billows shall rock thee, the
scent of the brine shall allure;
Though Death and Oblivion mock thee, thou shalt
joy in thy master's sway;
His scouring shall arm thee in might, make
thee strong in thine hour to endure.

. . . . . .

"Over the rim of the world make thy uncertain
quest;
Starlight shall mark thy course, fog and the
spindrift bar;
Thou shalt exult in the storm, in the calm of the
sea thou shalt rest;
Seek danger, and find it not; seek peace, and
miss it afar.

"It will lift thee on wings as an eagle; it will
be both singer and song;
A lamp to thy soul in need, a snare to thy
wandering feet;
Blind to thy love or hate, it will save thee alone
of a throng;
True to its own untruth, it will make thy
ruin complete."

. . . . . .

Day and night I have heard it: "Arise and come
to thine own!
The spume is like smoke in the blast, and the
flaws are black on the lee.
Thou who art thrall to the winds that over the
world are blown,
Rejoice in the harping gale, rejoice in the
rolling sea!"

This is the high-water mark of the volume; the low-water mark is to be found in the following unfortunate stanza from the poem "The Messenger" (p. 127):

"The sprawling legs and drooping head
Of his tired steed enraged him so,
That, all his pity being dead,
He struck him many a cruel blow.
As well expect song from dead lark,
Or color from the rose at dark."

'Poems and Verses,' by Edward Sandford Martin, the genial author of 'A Little Brother of the Rich,' will have most interest for many readers by reason of the author's tribute to a classmate, well known as Governor of Massachusetts. The poem (p. 19) was read at the dinner of the Harvard Class of 1877, in Boston, June 29, 1897, the year following Gov. Russell's untimely death:

WILLIAM EUSTIS RUSSELL.

Hard hit? Ah, yes! denial's vain—
Far from our thoughts and wishes too.
Stripped of our best, we meet again
To share a cup that's tinged with rue.
Dear man, how proud he made us all!
Our honest statesman, patriot, mate,
Whose very rivals lived to call
His death a mischief to the State!

With shining eyes we watched his course
Impetuous to an early goal;
A man of an inspiring force,
Whose pockets could not hold his soul!
Who strove without surcease or fear,
Nor from his task withdrew his hand
Until the fame of his career
Edged the far corners of the land.

His head was clear, his heart was good,
His speech was plain without pretence;
Men trusted him as one who stood
For honesty and common-sense.
Ah! not unshared is our distress,
Nor here alone is missed his face;
A million freemen, leaderless,
Still wonder who shall take his place.

When one reads the 'Book of Joyous Children' (Scribners), by James Whitcomb Riley, one feels that such an author has spent the last few non-publishing years to some advantage. The dialect is, of course, that Western child-dialect (*ist* for *just*, for instance) which has been found exasperating to the author's Eastern readers. But the familiar portion of the dialect is always effective, and one envies the "little tads" for whom it is designed, even if he does not know from experience what a "tad" is. The illustrations, but that only one source is mentioned, would seem to come from two—the one set almost too much idealized, the other too little. The zest and the animal spirits of these verses are inexhaustible, rising to the climax of vocal vigor in the following (p. 60):

BILLY AND HIS DRUM.

Ho! it's come, kids, come!
With a bim! bam! bum!
Here's little Billy bangin' on his big brass drum!
He's a-marchin' round the room,
With his feather-duster plume
A-noddin' an' a-bobbin' with his bim! bom! boom!

Looky, little Jane an' Jim!
Will you only look at him,
A-humpin' an' a-thumpin' with his bam! bom! bim!
Has the Day o' Juugment come
Er the New Mi-len-nee-um?
Er is it only Billy with his bim! bam! bum!

I'm a-comin'; yes, I am—
Jim an' Sis, an' Jane an' Sam!
We'll all march off with Billy an' his bom! bim!
bam!
Come hurr*aw*in' as you come,
Er they'll think you're deef-an'-dumb
Ef you don't hear little Billy an' his big brass
drum!

Of the various Christmas books for children we should select 'A Pocketful of Posies,' by Abbie Farwell Brown (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), in which, however, the running border in scarlet seems rather to overpower the rhymed stanzas on the page; and the 'Great Procession and Other Verses for and about Children,' by Harriet Prescott Spofford (Boston: Badger), which has more charming tales and more felicitous word pictures. The opening words, for instance, on "The Great Procession" prepare for this (p. 9):

"Did you ever happen to think, when dark
Lights up the lamps outside the pane,
And you look through the glass on that wonderland
Where the witches are making their tea in the
rain,
Of the great procession that says its prayers
All the world over, and climbs the stairs,
And goes to a wonderland of dreams,
Where nothing at all is just what it seems?

"All the world over at eight o'clock,
Sad and sorrowful, glad and gay,
These with their eyes as bright as dawn,
Those almost asleep on the way,
This one capering, that one cross,
Plaited tresses, or curling floss,
Slowly the long procession streams
Up to the wonderland of dreams.

"Far in the islands of the sea
The great procession takes up its way,
Where, throwing their faded flower-wreaths down,
Little savages tire of play;
Though they have no stairs to climb at all,
And go to sleep wherever they fall,
By the sea's soft song and the star's soft gleams
They are off to the wonderland of dreams."

The volume 'Up from Georgia,' by Frank L. Stanton (Appleton), is one of the healthiest Southern books. It accepts the past as inevitable, at least, if not fortunate, and, among other things, it presents negro life in as cheery a light as before the war, though the following song (p. 27) may or may not represent that:

WHEN THE FALL TIME COMES.

There's somethin' like a jingle an' a tingle in the
air,
Fer the honey's jest a-drippin' from the hives;
The fields are lookin' frosty with the white that
blossoms there,
An' the corn crap's jest the biggest of our lives!

Summer's a-goin'—
Needn't beat the drums;
We're bound to have a showin'
When the fall time comes!

There's somethin' like a jingle an' a tingle every-
where,
An' the blue smoke has a meanin' as it curls;
They're tunin' of the fiddle, an' there's music in
the air,
An' we'll soon be swinging corners with the girls!

Summer's a-goin'—
Needn't beat the drums;
We're bound to have a showin'
When the fall time comes!

It is pleasant to see a volume of poems from Minneapolis, where Mr. Arthur Upson's 'Westwind Songs' is printed (Brooks). These pages do not, like the same author's 'Octaves in an Oxford Garden,' show the imprint of one atmosphere only, but range from the Avon to Mackinaw, and even include the Bodleian Library and "The Flying Cranes" at Crane Island, as well as the wheat elevators of the West and a letter of approbation from Carmen Sylva in Rumania. In another book partly by the same author, 'Poems,' by Arthur Upson and George Norton Northrop (Minneapolis: Brooks), we have varied music, with many suggestions of great composers. It is beautifully printed, apparently for "members of the Samovar Club," but shows an unhappy whim or mannerism by which all compounding hyphens are abandoned, and we read not only of "redgold" and "terrace-stair," but of "blossomchalices" and "tea-rosetrees."

There comes from San Francisco an attractive volume, 'Songs of the Press and Other Adventures in Verse,' by Bailey Millard (Elder & Shepard). The author has that private fault, commonest in journalism, of unexpectedly complaining of his "own sad unworth" in a dedication to his mother; but his strictly professional poems are sometimes full of vigor, like that of the "Lamore Scoop," a railway tribute to a girl reporter (p. 18). The book has sonnets also to "Thoreau of Walden" (p. 111), who is called "Lycurgus of the pen, austere and dread"; and "to Edward Carpenter in England" (p. 101); and to one of the most heroic figures of the nineteenth century, John Muir, the explorer (p. 48):

MUIR OF THE MOUNTAINS.

A lean, wild-haired, wild-bearded, craggy man,
Wild as a Modoc, and as unafraid,
A man to go his way with no man's aid,
Yet sweet and soft of heart as any maid.

Sky-loving, stalwart as the sugar-pine,
Clean, simple, fragrant as that noble tree,
A mountain man, and free as they are free
Who tread the heights and know tranquillity.

A man whose speech hints of no studied art,
But careless straying as the stream that flows,
And full of grace, poetic as the rose
Which to the wind its pure song-petals throws.

A relish of the larger life is his,
And reverence rapt and wonder and deep awe
For any beauty Nature's brush may draw;
A man of faith who keeps each primal law.

Another curious outcome of California life is seen in the occasional books of almost international poetry which come through the Golden Gate, the fruit of foreign travel thither, sometimes Japanese,

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then Spanish and then again English. We find such, for instance, in 'Moods and Outdoor Verses' (San Francisco: Elder & Shepard), by Richard Askham, with a word of introduction by Edwin Markham. This book was apparently written mostly in California; the "Envoi" is dated at San Francisco, its place of publication; but the printing was done in London, and the introduction written in New York. There is an agreeable flavor of genuineness and sympathy in the verses; and Mr. Markham has something to learn from his English friends as respects entire simplicity of manner. In one of the poems, apparently written across the water, one finds an agreeable mingling of the two atmospheres—or hemispheres (p. 86).

IN ENGLAND—MAY.
(To —— at the piano.)

If mine could write it as your fingers play,
Across the village and its white highway,
Across the park and palings, you should feel
The sea-breeze blowing through the Golden Gate
Among the many-shouldered hills.
The Bay
Would bid us out again on holiday,
And Tamalpais would set his perfect line
Against the blazing noon.
And you and I
Would make a lovers' picnic in a nook
By some deep runnel, that carves out his way
Among the naked roots of giant trees
Darkening up above,—ancient until
The wonder of the centuries of Man
Seems as a child's.
Then while the shredded light
Twinkled about the gloom of those huge limbs
Circling us in—then would we sigh and say,
"How good to be in England, just for May!"

'Wild Roses of California' (San Francisco: Robertson) has the same bright coloring with the rest, and the same background of flowers; but it has, beyond most of these books, a touch of human interest, and indeed of Wordsworthian simplicity, in the following (p. 26):

THE MINER'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

My father dear works in the mines,
Down in the tunnels dark.
I sing so much he often says
I am his "meadow-lark."

Our little cabin on the hill
Is 'mid the tall straight pines,
That seem to whisper all the day
To me about the mines.

I've twined some vines about the door,
I keep the house with care.
My father calls our cabin home
His "castle in the air."

I never put my clean gown on
Till just before our tea,
Because when father first comes home
He's black as black can be.

And when he's coming up the trail,
As soon as him I see,
I fly to meet him, and he leaves
Some black, of course, on me.

The man for whom my father works
Is very rich, I'm told;
For he owns land and houses fine,
And mines just full of gold.

I'm rich, I've treasures in the mines,—
"As good as gold" is he;
It's father, whom I love so well,
My father who loves me.

It is interesting to find our new Finnish fellow-citizens contributing like their predecessors to American literature, as in the very interesting and promising little volume 'English Lyrics of a Finnish Harp,' by Herman Montague Donner (Boston: Badger). The increasing interchange between English-speaking nations as regards authors and commercial houses threatens, however, to make local coloring in literature a thing of the past. Here, for instance, is a volume of 'Poems' by Mary Olcott (John Lane). It is dedicated "to Nora Duff in England," with a Greek motto. One of the poems has a title in Greek characters, others are translated from French, and, in short, there is not enough of local coloring in the whole book to show where the poems, as a whole, were written. There is much of thought and beauty in it, but the Prelude leaves it more perplexing than all the rest put together:

"I hide within my book till eyes
Which draw my own shall look and read;
Others may look, yet give no heed:
The printed word has no surprise
For alien eyes.

"Whoever reads, save only one,
May read. But one alone shall find
The impress of the hidden mind,
Uttering speech where speech is none
For but the one."

A fortunate woman is the English Lady Lindsay, who gives herself and others each year a new and happy enjoyment. This year's book is entitled 'A Christmas Posy' (London: Kegan Paul). This author is one of a class, never abundant, now diminishing, who can sing at Christmas tide, each year, a fresh supply of simple Christmas lays or Noels of many lands, and especially from the bewitching old Provençal dialect-lays. The following (p. 50) is, however, an imitation, not a translation, and its cadence is singularly suggestive of William Blake:

IN A GARDEN WILD.

There is a garden,
A garden wild,
And in it wanders
A little child.

The angels are fraying
A path for His feet,
And high in the branches
The birds sing sweet.,

And who can know
How His heart may yearn,
Or who can see
What His eyes discern?

But Mary is calling:
"Come home, my son;
The shadows are falling,
The day is done."

'This is for You: Love Poems of the Saner Sort,' selected by William Sinclair Lord (Revell), ranges from Tennyson to Phœbe Cary, and has a little tone of mediocrity, while gathering in some pieces undeservedly neglected, like John Moultrie's 'Forget Thee' (p. 58). The title is the poorest part; the contents are valuable, and singularly free from misprints or undesirable readings.

Mr. Frederic Lawrence Knowles has boldly printed a volume of four hundred pages called 'A Treasury of Humorous Poetry' (Boston: Estes), containing but an unusually small proportion of mere buffoonery like the burlesque on Wordsworth (p. 16) and that on Tennyson (p. 19). Allowing for a few such exceptions, this is the best book of the kind we have ever seen, and the selection and the notes do credit to one of the most discriminating of our younger literary men.

CIVIL WAR FICTION, AND OTHER.

Gabriel Tolliver. By Joel Chandler Harris. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Bayard's Courier. By B. K. Benson. Macmillan.

Aladdin O'Brien. By Gouverneur Morris. The Century Co.

Wanted, a Chaperon. By Paul Leicester Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Condensed Novels. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Splendid Idle Forties. By Gertrude Atherton. Macmillan.

Barbara Ladd. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

No Other Way. By Sir Walter Besant. Dodd, Mead & Co.

During the last quarter of a century the civil war has been the most popular and profitable source of inspiration for writers of American fiction. Every great battle and almost every skirmish has had its celebrant, and the emotions of participants in the struggle have been discussed, analyzed, torn to tatters by gifted children both of the North and of the South. The quality of this fiction is various, ranging from excellent to worthless. The very best was contributed by half a dozen Southern writers, among them Mr. Harris, in the form of short stories written during the eighties. These writers grew up in the dismal years immediately following the war, and they spoke for their people, spoke of their heroism, their suffering and sorrows, in a most touching and surprisingly artistic fashion. The worst of the "war fiction" has been written in the last five or six years, by persons who fall back on memories that are dim and emotions long outworn; and by other, more reprehensible persons who seem to think that emotion and imagination can be supplied by a course of what they are pleased to call historical research.

Mr. Harris's 'Gabriel Tolliver' is a volume of the reminiscent sort. Regarded as a novel, it is very poor work, rambling, shuffling; indeed, without characterization, form, or style. From a passage in the "prelude" we gather that the prelude was an afterthought, meant to declare that the author knows the book to be careless and tedious and unimpressive, and that he is proud of all that. We do not understand such pride, but we feel that it is distinctly not creditable. As a confession of incapacity for a task undertaken, the task of writing a novel, the following passage is incomparable:

"Let those who can do so continue to import harmony and unity into their fabrications and call it art. Whether it be art or artificiality, the trick is beyond my power. I can only deal with things as they were; on many occasions they were far from what I would have had them to be; but as I was powerless to change them, so am I powerless to twist individuals and events to suit the demands or necessities of what is called art."

Perhaps with such original notions of what art is, it would be quite impossible to do anything even remotely artistic; therefore we should perhaps congratulate Mr. Harris on not having tried for art. Besides this pearl of reflection, the "prelude" includes an African legend, the legend of Dilly Bal, a gentleman who sweeps the cobwebs out of the skies. This legend is beautifully told—we would say "most artistically rendered," if it were not for the fear of hurting Mr. Harris's feelings.

'Bayard's Courier,' a long, long narrative of the civil war, from the Southern side, is, without doubt, a flower of historical research. Its genesis is attested by footnotes and maps and a generous sprinkling of dates. The greater part of the matter of this work we are incompetent to criticise. Properly to declare its worth, one would have to know minutely the local history of the war, the topography of several States, and to have at least a good general view of astronomy. The author's knowledge of the position and occupation of several of the heavenly bodies at a given moment about forty years ago especially gives to his novel that air of belonging to the literature of knowledge that removes

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it from the jurisdiction of the reviewer of fiction.

The heroes of the novel are twins, separated in youth, and each, in manhood, called to fight for his country, one attaching the idea of patriotism to the North and the other to the South. These twins, known in the army as Junior Morgan and Sergeant Morgan, are unknown to each other, and are always riding across country, bearing important dispatches. It is in describing these rides that the author shows off his astronomical lore:

"The country was open," he says. "The stars were out—in front of Junior shone Arcturus and at his right rear Capella. Seney could see the Pleiades hanging over Frederick, and southward the Bowman, while in the zenith over all the three was Vega, shining peacefully—in the zenith for Jackson and Miles at Harper's Ferry, in Longstreet's zenith at Hagerstown, and overhead of Franklin at Crampton's Pass—shining peacefully on every enemy; peacefully for McClellan back behind Frederick, for Lincoln sleepless in Washington, and for Davis far away from tidings of the Southern army. Men must strive and the impartial stars must shine."

Capella shining at Junior's "right rear" is a fine touch; the fact gives a sort of *cachet* of exact study, and the phrase has a military ring. Though we may not impugn Mr. Benson's knowledge, we may dissent from his wisdom as expressed in aphorism. Possibly the stars must shine, (though nobody can tell what they are doing on cloudy nights), but it is not always true that man must strive, especially without reference to his chance of success in the striving. Mr. Benson, for instance, should not have striven to write a novel—he has no natural gift for novel-writing and no acquired skill. Of course he might have been all right if he had striven to write a history or geography or astronomy.

There are some good things in the tale of Aladdin O'Brien, odd bits of character and scene taken from life, well observed, and imaginatively described. The chapters concerning Aladdin's early relations with the family of Senator St. John, his residence with the excellent Widow Brackett, and his determination to become a writer (preferably a poet), promise an interesting development of character. But Mr. Morris apparently cannot write long from the inside out; and here, as in his first story, 'Tom Beaulieu,' his characterization goes to pieces, and Aladdin sinks to the conventional hero of fast-following adventures. Mr. Morris appears to have "got up" the civil war, especially the battle of Gettysburg, with exemplary thoroughness, but the moment chosen to unload his information is not opportune. What his readers want is a thorough representation of the heart and soul of Aladdin O'Brien, and the most thrilling adventure offered in place of that is but dust and ashes. Yet, in spite of obvious defects, Mr. Morris's work is very interesting. It has sincerity and aspiration, and unmistakable though uneven literary quality. The language is occasionally too independent of precedent. Is it good American to write, "Mr. Bispham absurded," "self-centration," "Claire was a little party"? Is it likely that an eminent Senator's daughter, even at a tender age, would say, "I oughtn't to *of* come," "I know you *done* your best"?

'Wanted, a Chaperon,' by the late Paul Leicester Ford, is an elaborately decorated work. There are several illustrations drawn by Mr. Christy and others, and colored by process. Both drawing and coloring celebrate the mighty dressmaker of the young lady who needed, rather than wanted, a chaperon. Besides these full-page splendors, there are marginal decorations which enclose the text like a frame, and these decorations include many devices—bottles and ribbons and unnatural flowers and monograms. The story is trivial, and does not distract attention from the revelation of the possibilities of printing.

The last volume to appear with Bret Harte's name on the title-page contains half a dozen burlesques of contemporary authors. They are not inferior to a volume of the same sort of stuff written by him many years ago; therefore they will be acceptable to persons whose sense of humor is gratified by exaggeration and frolicsome distortion of names and epithets. A few of the sketches are very funny—funny enough to make Mr. Kipling or Mr. Hope laugh, but not Mr. Hall Caine.

We cannot but fear that Mrs. Atherton's dream of the splendor (if not the idleness) of California in the forties is too comprehensively *couleur de rose*. Even fifty or sixty years ago the earth was aging and a little weary, and we find it difficult to believe that between the Sierras and the sea there lay a happy valley where life was all passion and costume and scenic effect. Nevertheless, there was enough of a now vanished picturesqueness to excite the fancy of a story-teller, and Mrs. Atherton's fancy is exuberant. Moreover, she has an instinct for melodrama and heroics, so her action and people admirably fit the scene. All the stories are romantic, and a certain monotony of impression may be escaped by reading only one every week or month.

One-half of Mr. Roberts's 'Barbara Ladd' is given to her childhood, and most of that half to her attempt to evade the guardianship of her uncongenial maiden aunt. The sorrows of childhood are always touching, but, set forth at length in print, they come to bore maturity, and even to defeat the chronicler's object by forcing the conclusion that the child under discussion was responsible for the sorrows—was, indeed, a bad child. Barbara, however, is never a real child, never a real woman, but always a conventional heroine of the impulsive, emotional type. The whole romance is most correctly of a literary convention. The principal characters, who are of Southern extraction, live in a small Connecticut village during the period of the Revolution. Their minds, their manners, their habits, and speech differentiate them from real people of any country or time, most conspicuously from any conceivable New Englanders of the later eighteenth century. They are all figments of the romancer, who industriously strives to undermine American common-sense, to persuade the nation that its ancestors were persons of the highest distinction, and that they preserved in the wilderness and through generations of common and rude conditions the customs of an aristocracy and the speech and manners of a needy playwright's prince. Mr. Roberts's tale is not any worse than the majority of Revolutionary romances. It is indeed somewhat better than most, for it has passages that breathe the freshness and fragrance of the woods and waters, and, except for the pompous, ridiculous dialogue, is written in good, unaffected English.

Sir Walter Besant was familiar (fluently, almost fatally familiar) with the history of his country, and with the strange things that might be done under the protection of her laws. In his last book, 'No Other Way,' he describes the pathetical situation of a young widow of the eighteenth century, who could not pay her honest debts, and who therefore went to prison and married a negro, of gigantic stature and awful aspect, under sentence of death. Legally, the husband assumed the lady's debts, and so she cheated her creditors and would henceforth have been free as a bird, and happy, if the negro had not cheated the hangman and lived to seek his bride. Every conceivable inconvenience resulting from the negro's selfish behavior is set forth, and an ingenious way out at last discovered. One telling of the tale would be really interesting, but it is all told several times by different people in slightly changed phrases. Perhaps the author did not revise his work, and should not be held responsible for such repetition, though he numbered among those worthy gentleman too frequently intoxicated with their own verbosity. The novel on the whole does not discredit his reputation, which, except when associated with Mr. Rice, was never a reputation to be injured by a book that expresses a genial temper and an otherwise harmless mediocrity.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS—II.

Happy the boy or girl who shall receive as Christmas gift 'The Book of Romance,' of Andrew Lang's editing, always provided such recipient can keep the book from predestined parental monopoly. The Tales of the Round Table, the Stories of Roland, of Robin Hood, of Diarmid, and other racial fairy-tales are given in the best way, keeping close to original sources. Mrs. Lang has written all but one of them, and H. J. Ford has most understandingly illustrated them with full-page drawings, in colors, and in black and white; the whole a beautiful volume from the house of Longmans, Green & Co. Pleasant, also, for both young and old is Paul du Chaillu's account of his journey to King Mombo's African kingdom, and of his adventures with his friendly band of native huntsmen, among forest creatures, gorillas, elephants, and lesser jungle folk. The illustrations, by Victor Perard, help to bring the ways of African man and beast vividly to view. Charles Scribner's Sons are the publishers. From the Macmillan Company comes another good story for youth, 'Pickett's Gap,' by Homer Greene, with illustrations of a most agreeable sort by J. Rosenmeyer. The story deals with the staking out of a railroad by two rival companies, and the part played in connection with it by a boy over whose grandfather's acres the railroad is to go. D. Appleton & Co. publish 'Jacks of All Trades,' by Katharine Newbold Birdsall, with attractively drawn illustrations in colors (*i.e.*, black and white with occasional red spots) by Walter Russell, and with many expressive little outline sketches by E. S. Truman scattered through the text. The story is about a family of children who turned to account their various abilities for practical work, in order to help the family finances. The note of the small child is a little forced

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here and there, and the love interest of the book is too large for its age. But on the whole the story is pleasing and sound, will hold the youthful interest, and, perhaps, suggest sources of usefulness.

'The Other Boy,' by Evelyn Sharp, with illustrations by Henry Sandham (Macmillan), tells how a delicate, clever lad came to live in a family of such boisterously bumptious children that we rub our eyes, asking: "Can this be England?" Having accustomed ourselves, however, to their squabbles, to their calling Miss Nibbins, their favorite governess, "Nibs," and to their father's having much their own style of manners, we perceive that their hearts are meant to be and mainly are in the right places, and we decide that the story will undoubtedly interest young readers, while it will prove harmless if accompanied by a judicious amount of corrective commentary. 'Miss Lochinvar,' by Marion Ames Taggart, illustrated by W. L. Jacobs and Bayard F. Jones (Appletons), is a story for girls, and makes good if rather protracted reading, though with a trend toward the fault of causing all the graces and virtues to centre in one girl. An attractive girl she undeniably is, bringing out of the West heavy batteries of charm and unselfishness to the conversion and regeneration of an unruly family of New York cousins. She makes the baby behave well at table, she brings together the father and the incommunicative son; reconstructs the mammon-loving daughter, wins the tennis match, rescues the ill-treated street dog, and is, indeed, in continual evidence as a saving angel of grace. The story is not exaggerated as such stories go, and it is fitted to attract and interest girls; but we look askance at books where one young person is wiser and better than all other persons of all ages. The chorus of her praises is too deafening.

From A. C. McClurg & Co. comes 'Little Mistress Good Hope,' by Mary Imlay Taylor, with a tasteful frontispiece in colors, and prettily designed illustrations in black and white, touched with greenish blue, all by Jessie Willcox Smith. This is a book of pixy stories, the little creatures being helpful to good children and properly malicious and spiteful toward abbots and tax-gatherers. In the interest of perfect taste and appropriateness, it might have been well to omit the scene of the abbot's frivolous conduct under the influence of a pixy swallowed alive. Incidental pictures of England in her old and merrie times accompany the more serious business of fairy tricks.

R. H. Russell publishes in a handsome volume Richard Le Gallienne's 'Mr. Sun and Mrs. Moon,' a set of so-called children's verses with large full-page illustrations, made in a quaint, interesting fashion. A few of the verses will catch the ear of childhood, a few the understanding. Others are of childhood as contemplated by a grown-up imagination, charmingly tender here, but freakish there, and not above reproach in the matter of rhythm.

'Miss Muffet's Christmas Party,' by Samuel McChord Crothers, with illustrations by Olive M. Long (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), may worthily stand on the bookshelf that holds 'Alice in Wonderland.' Here is nonsense with distinction, full of nourishment for the children who know their classics in fairy lore, moral tale, and fable. We should say that it would be a favorite proportionately to the young reader's previous bringing up in the way he should go. As to parents, uncles and aunts, a rare flavor of delicate wit shall be their happy portion over and above the children's delight in this choice little book, with its illustrations near of kin to the story in attractiveness.

'The Outlook Story-Book for Little People,' edited by Laura Winnington and published by the Outlook Company, is cheerfully bound, handsomely printed, and illustrated with drawings and photographs of a high order of merit. It is much to say of fifty-seven contributions in prose and rhyme that the greater number are really suitable for "Little People." If here and there a story may be too complex in idea or expression, it is almost invidious to say it when so many are what they should be—short, natural, or naturally impossible, ranging from fairyland to the homes of squirrels and tree-toads. The book is one to be welcomed and desired.

'The Making of a Girl,' by Eva Lovett (J. F. Taylor & Co.), a series of informal chats between an aunt and a Mollie, contains good counsel for girls in their teens as to motives and standards. The attitude is one of sympathy and good sense, and the advice given is both high-minded and practical. It may seem to the reader that a few of the maxims are open to misinterpretation. For instance, in a chapter on Reticence, the dictum, "Never tell the *whole* of the story you are telling, nor speak out your *entire* thought on any matter," might prove misleading to the youthful intelligence, which is apt to fall upon the rule and miss the principle. The book may be classed with the season's helpful literature.

Cross Country with Horse and Hounds. By Frank Sherman Peer. Scribners. 1902.

The author submits an apology, if one be required, in presenting his book as the only one ever published in America on the subject. Strictly speaking, he may be right; but in 1852 there appeared from the pen of that thorough sportsman, the late Henry William Herbert ("Frank Forrester"), a charming little volume entitled "The Quorndon Hounds." In the days when shotguns and fine dogs were rarely found in the possession of any but those who went afield because of the sportsman's instinct, and to whom the mere making of big bags was a secondary consideration, Frank Forrester was an authority on all kinds of hunting and shooting. Meantime, the erection of barbed-wire fences has become so general that only here and there can an ideal country now be found. It is true, however, that in near proximity to some very excellent packs which habitually follow the drag, there are counties in Maryland which were regularly hunted in ante-bellum days, and which are now overrun with foxes. The author takes the reader over the course traversed by one unfamiliar with the hunting field. First, a glossary of hunting words and phrases is followed by dissertations on the conformation, breeding, schooling, and purchase of hunters. The author naïvely remarks that he now rejects many theories which a few years ago were considered true gospel, and suspects that in as many years hence he may repudiate some things which he now asserts with much assurance. This frank admission may make it pardonable to take issue with the author now without waiting for the lapse of time and the mellowing influence of years to bring about a modification of his views.

In several instances he attacks generally accepted views; he may be right, but his reasoning is not conclusive. In fixing upon a standard of conformation, the author opposes the demand for "sloping shoulders," and does not seem to appreciate the reasons for requiring that a saddle-horse or hunter shall not have an upright shoulder. Technical reasons based upon scientific principles may be readily found for this. Elevated withers, not too high and thin, are usually accompanied by sloping shoulders and a rather deep chest; the parts are not absolutely dependent upon each other, and therefore exceptions may be found to this rule. Horses with such conformation are better adapted to saddle purposes than the horse with upright shoulders. If the shoulder-blade is long, broad, and well-sloped, the saddle will rest properly in its place; while if it be short and upright, the saddle will have a tendency to work forward on the withers. Horses with upright shoulders are usually rough under the saddle. The author's difficulty in placing himself in the ranks of those who advocate the "slanting shoulder" seems to be that he has rather ill-defined ideas as to what constitutes a sloping shoulder. He presents an illustration of upright shoulders in Barrett, sired by Bonnie Scotland, the premier stallion of the Belle Meade stud for many years. Judged with the French measuring machine, or by the eye alone, the illustration does not sustain the charge of upright shoulders, nor is the statement borne out by the many descendants of Bonnie Scotland, recently dispersed at the closing-out sale of the Belle Meade horses. The objection to drawn illustrations is that one may distort them and thus become convinced through an erroneous hypothesis. The selection of a hunter or any other class of saddle-horse for one's self is a difficult matter; to select one for a friend is doubly so. Having to all appearances a perfect conformation, a horse may not fit a rider, and there may be some disagreeable feature in his movements which will make him otherwise undesirable.

The author has evidently found much enjoyment in the breeding of horses, but here again he has established some theories from individual experience which are not borne out by the accumulated experience of others. The praise lavished on the balance seat, and the sweeping condemnation of gripping the horse with the legs, puts the author in the light of being bent more on change than improvement. Balance is the most important element of a good seat, but the perfect seat is that derived from a combination of balance, friction, or grip and the use of stirrups. Balance will do as long as everything goes smoothly, but a swerve or plunge must find the legs properly placed to close the thighs and knees quickly, else the rider may get an unnecessary fall. The author makes a strange mistake in writing of "the forked or military seat" as if the terms are synonymous. Again, he says: "The military seat with long stirrup leathers has no place in the hunting-field where there is

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jumping to be done." Long stirrup leathers have no place in the hunting-field because they deprive the rider of the chance of properly gripping his horse. The military seat as specified in the cavalry-drill regulations of the regular army and other service text-books does not admit of long stirrup leathers; in fact, it contains all the essential elements of the correct seat as described by the author and shown in his illustration facing page 92. The illustrations will appear to horsemen generally as incorrectly titled, for Nos. 1 and 2 show the seat best adapted for gripping, whereas Nos. 3 and 4 illustrate the "tongs-across-a-wall" seat, in which it is impossible to grip the horse because, with the leg extended, the thigh muscles are rounded instead of being flat or hollowed. If these figures correctly show the ideas of the author as to the balance and grip seat, then by all means let him adhere to his language, but the illustrations are sadly at variance with all accepted nomenclature. In illustrating how a horse should be allowed to gather himself when approaching a fence, the figures explain (opposite page 118) what the author desires to show, but by modern photography and in other ways it has been clearly demonstrated that the horse never takes the extended position presented here.

But while arguing with our author we are missing the companionship of the horse and losing the scent of the fox, which are given separate chapters, followed by the meet, riding to covert, and the hunt dinner. Altogether, the book gives one's nostrils a whiff of Genesee Valley air when the autumn leaves are turning and the crops are laid away. In a country where the going is stiff but the hearts are courageous, we can no longer delay to split hairs concerning technical details, but be off to the covert side where the hounds are drawing and from whence the fox will soon be viewed away with the pack in full cry. Typographically the volume is all that can be desired. The illustrations are artistic, and the colored frontispiece especially pleasing.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adam, Mme. Edmond. The Romance of My Childhood and My Youth. D. Appleton & Co.
Bowen, W. E. Edward Bowen: A Memoir. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.
Carlyle, Thomas. Sartor Resartus: Heroes: Past and Present. Scribners. $1.25.
De Wet, Christian R. Three Years' War. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Everett-Green, Evelyn. Short Tales from Storyland. London: Ernest Nister; New York: Dutton. $1.50.
Fenn, G. M. Stan Lynn: A Boy's Adventure in China. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Gilman, D. C.; Peck, H. T., and Colby, F. M. The New International Encyclopædia. Vol. IV: Canadian Balsam—Colenso. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Holmes, C. J. Constable, and his Influence on Landscape Painting. London: Archibald Constable & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.5.
Ingoldsby, Legends of Mirth and Marvels. Illustrated by Herbert Cole. John Lane.
Jenks, Tudor. Gypsy, the Talking Dog. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. $1.
Lang, Andrew. History of Scotland. Vol. II. Edinburgh: Blackwood; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.
Memoirs of Paul Kruger, Four Times President of the Republic. Told by Himself. The Century Co. $3.50.
Newcomb, Prof. S. Astronomy for Everybody: A Popular Exposition of the Wonders of the Heavens. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Otto, A. F., and Holbrook, T. S. Mythological Japan; or, The Symbolisms of Mythology in Relation to Japanese Art. Philadelphia: Drexel Biddle. $5.
Poole, Reginald L. Anecdota Oxoniensia: Mediæval and Modern Series, Part ix. John Bale's Index of British and Other Writers. Henry Frowde.
Rhoades, Lewis A. Wiedemann's Biblische Geschichten. Henry Holt & Co.
Shepard, F. J. Budd's Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co.
Shute, Henry A. The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Boston: The Everett Press.
Tennyson, Alfred. Poetical Works. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
Wheeler, Candace. How to Make Rugs. Doubleday, Page & Co.

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